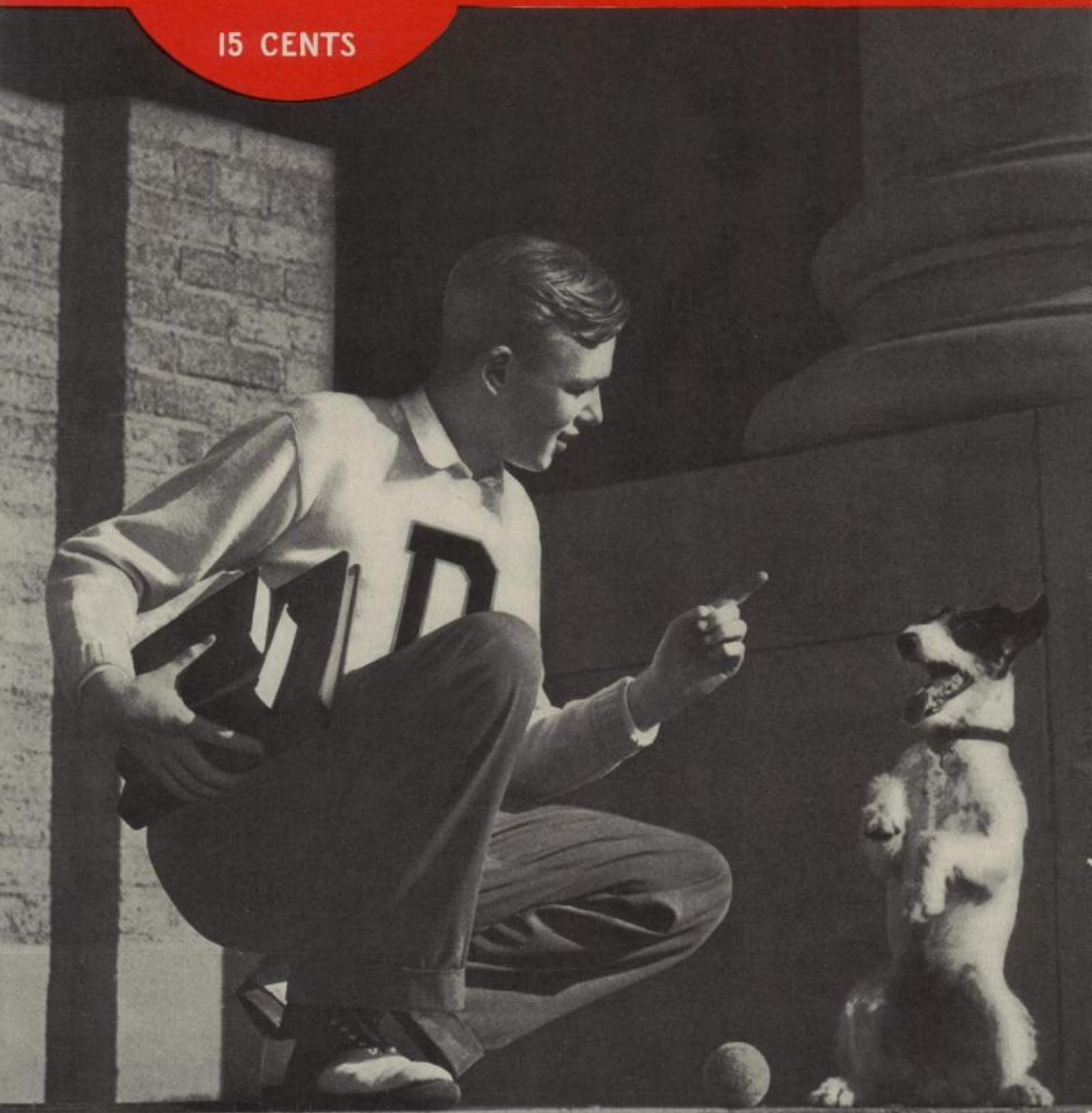
SEPTEMBER 1940

BOYS' LIFE

15 CENTS



FOR THE BEST ESSAYS,

250 Words or less, ON

"WHY I'M GLAD I LIVE IN AMERICA"

FIRST PRIZE

JORDAN ANSBACHER, 2125 Myra Street, Jacksonville, Fla., $300.00
Troop No. 12, Jacksonville, Fla., $200.00
North Florida Council, $100.00

SECOND PRIZE

ROBERT CARTWRIGHT, 202 Chapelle St., Santa Fe, N. Mex., $200.00
Troop No. 29, Santa Fe, New Mexico, $150.00
Northern New Mexico Council, $75.00

THIRD PRIZE

ROBERT E. NIVER, 3102 Lafayette Ave., Omaha, Neb., $150.00
Troop No. 99, Omaha, Neb., $100.00
Covered Wagon Council, $50.00

SPECIAL PRIZE

To Council from which most entries were received:
Bucks County Council, Doylestown, Pa., $75.00

REGIONAL PRIZES

FIRST PRIZES—$75 to scout, $50 to troop

Robert Myers, Troop No. 8, Hornell, N.Y.; Kenneth Kramer, Troop No. 54, Mahanoy City, Pa.; Martin Dietel, Troop No. 3, Woburn, Mass.; Ralph Moler, Troop No. 29, Germantown, Ohio; Norman Summerfield, Troop No. 7, Memphis, Tenn.; Leslie Jay, Troop No. 59, Greenwood, S. C.; Richard Firth, Troop No. 3, Galesburg, Ill.; Robert M. Kellogg, Troop No. 132, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.; Lew Allen, Jr., Troop No. 150, Gainesville, Tex.; Billy Picknell, Troop No. 69, Parker, S. D.; Judson Doke, Troop No. 4, Olympia, Wash.; Chas. Willner, Troop No. 13, Los Angeles, Calif.

SECOND PRIZES—$50 to scout, $25 to troop

Mark F. Litchfield, Troop No. 3, Newport, Vt.; Earl Huyck, Troop No. 8, Ilion, N. Y.; Stephen Swartzbaugh, Troop No. 36, York, Pa.; Richard Griesinger, Troop No. 225, Swanton, Ohio; William C. Kidwell, Jr., Troop No. 4, Montgomery, Ala.; Jim Glenn, Troop No. 30, Clemson, S. C.; Vernon Bigler, Jr., Troop No. 48, Jamestown, Ind.; Donald C. Reames, Troop No. 12, Stratton, Nebr.; Glen Vague, Troop No. 16, Wichita Falls, Tex.; George Fyhrie, Troop No. 176, Forest Lake, Minn.; Keith Johnson, Troop No. 150, Seattle, Wash.; Robert Miller, Troop No. 134, Oakland, Calif.

THIRD PRIZES—$30 to scout, $15 to troop

Herbert Douglass, Troop No. 30, E. Longmeadow, Mass.; Phillip Epps, Troop No. 10, Atlantic City, N.J.; Jack Mercer, Troop No. 217, Phila., Pa.; Jim Hall, Troop No. 61, Huntsville, Ohio; John Lambert, Jr., Troop No. 10, Birmingham, Ala.; A. E. Moorer, Jr., Troop No. 12, Charleston, S. C.; John Stickney, Jr., Troop No. 63, Highland Park, Mich.; Bernard Balkin, Troop No. 6, Kansas City, Kan.; Jack Featherstone, Troop No. 1, Muskagee, Okla.; Almer Rexstad, Jr., Troop No. 30, Madison, Minn.; Norman Bargabus, Troop No. 384, White Salmon, Wash.; Joe Stuart, Troop No. 4, Piedmont, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZES—$20 to scout, $10 to troop

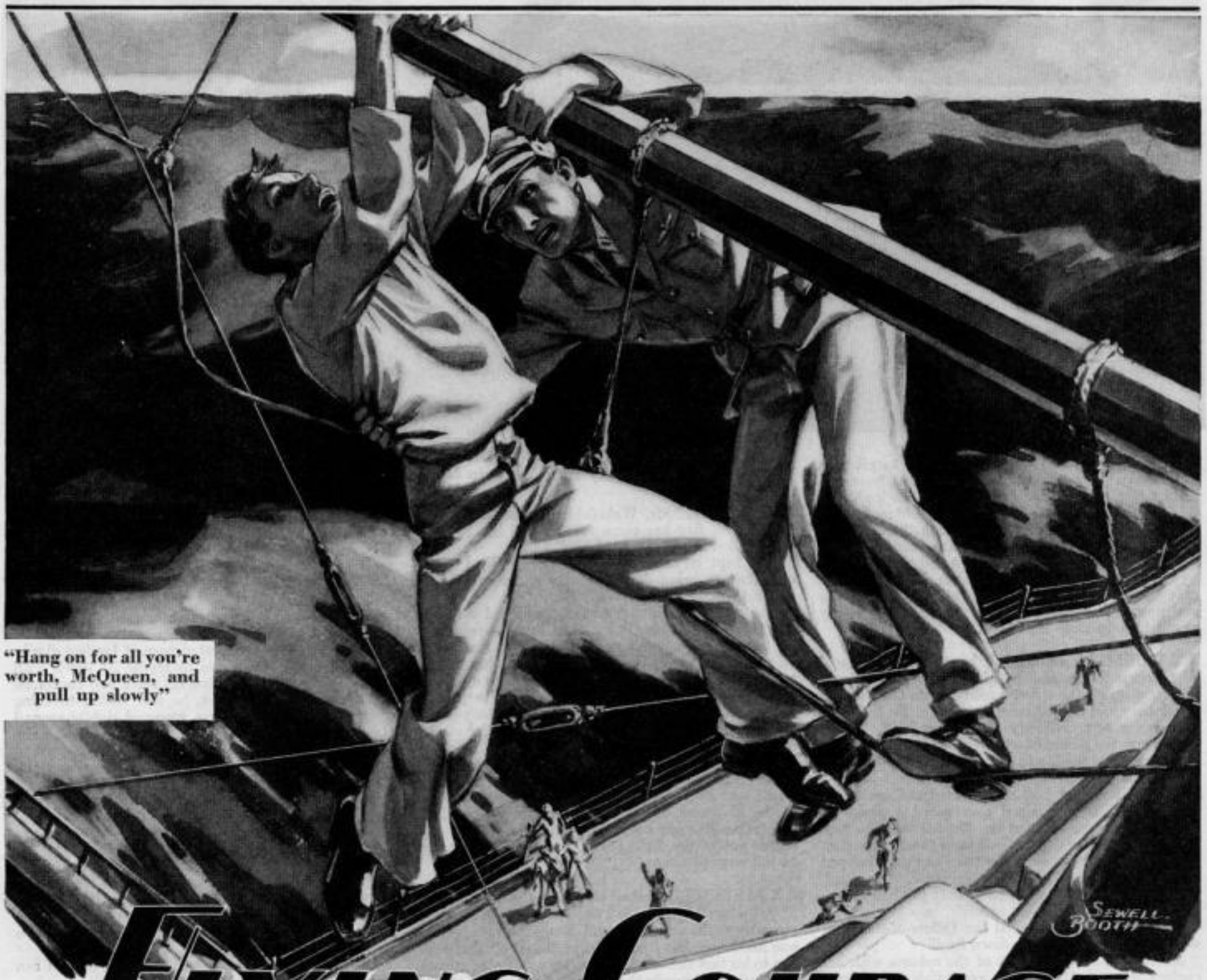
Norval Lewis, Troop No. 90, E. Concord, N. H.; John Solch, Troop No. 8, Rutherford, N. J.; Robert Cost, Troop No. 337, Phila., Pa.; Junior Hornbeck, Troop No. 3, Buckhannon, W. Va.; John Woodley, Troop No. 5, Shreveport, La.; Radcliffe Murphy, Troop No. 12, Charleston, S. C.; David Wright, Troop No. 12, Nashotah, Wis.; Jim Merritt, Troop No. 7, Denver, Colo.; Philip Blake, Troop No. 87, Homestead, Okla.; Chas. Brockmeyer, Troop No. 63, Golva, N. D.; Jesse B. Steward, Jr., Troop No. 205, St. Helens, Ore.; Garth Lie Hallett, Troop No. 12, Santa Barbara, Calif.

United States Rubber Company

ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK

Copyrighted material

SEPTEMBER, 1940 **BOYS' LIFE** Vol. XXX, No. 9



"Hang on for all you're worth, McQueen, and pull up slowly"

FLYING COURAGE

by Blaine and Dupont Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL BOOTH

Bob Wakefield Finds Dive Bombing Maneuvers Doubly Dangerous

THE *U. S. S. Denver* had just returned to the Hawaiian Islands after a long cruise to the South Pacific on a special mission which, while it had been exciting had put the ship and her aviation unit far behind in gunnery exercises. As a result, officers and men alike were under tremendous pressure to catch up with their work. There had not been time even to refuel the ship. In addition, on a day when the *Denver* was scheduled to join up with her sisterships in the Division, Lieut. Bob Wakefield, the senior aviator, received some bad news.

The junior aviator, Happy Parker, came up with an official letter. "Brace yourself, Bob," said he, "here's a sock."

Bob almost collapsed as he gathered the full import of the message. Ajax's orders to the Flight School at Pensacola! What would the *Denver* aviation unit do without the services of the big mechanic? How he himself would miss his flying companion of many adventures! Where would he find a man to replace him? To be sure the ship had many good mechanics, but how would he know that the man he picked to replace Ajax had the stamina, the enthusiasm, the courage, that Ajax possessed?

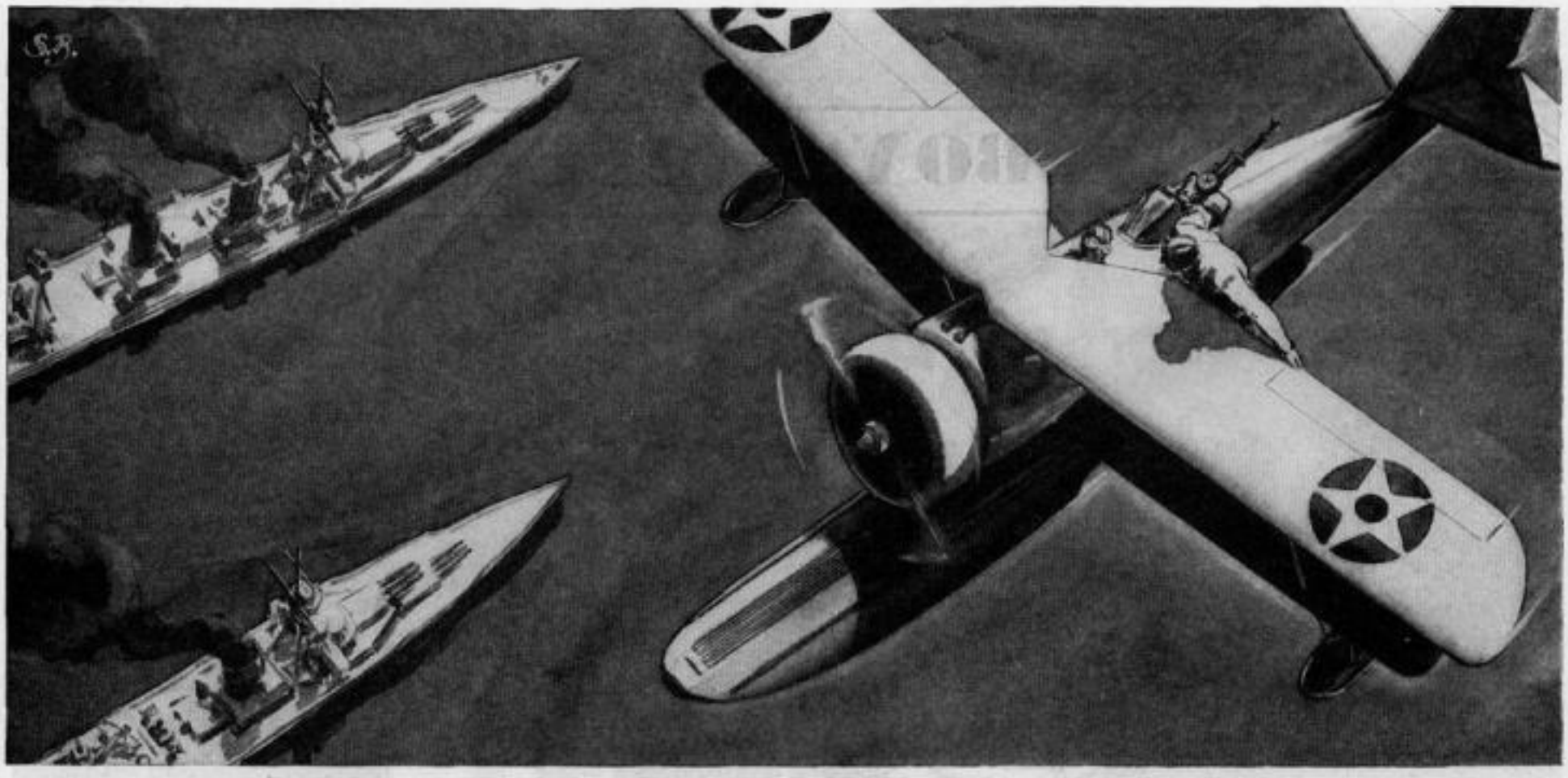
Then, Ajax himself came up to him briskly. "Mr. Wakefield, I just heard about my orders. I'm going to ask that they be cancelled for the present. I can't leave you now in the middle of gunnery exercises."

But Bob's first reaction of shock had passed. "That's swell of you, Ajax, but this is your opportunity. You can't afford to pass it up. It's a blow to me, but you're catching the first transport back to the West Coast. Why, within a year's time you'll be a pilot yourself!"

It was Bob's turn for the watch, and for the next few hours, as Officer-of-the-Deck, he was so occupied that he had little time to consider his problem of a replacement for Ajax. The Tenth Cruiser Division steamed along swiftly in column open order. Each powerful vessel plunged deeply in turn, its sharp bow splitting wide the green seas of the heavy swells, as

BOYS' LIFE. The Boy Scouts' Magazine. Published monthly by the Boy Scouts of America, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 15 Cents a copy. One Dollar and a half a Year. September, 1940, Vol. XXX, No. 9. Copyright, 1940, by the Boy Scouts of America. Entered as second class matter, July 19, 1912, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for special rate postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, June 13, 1918.

Copyrighted material



they charged on full speed toward the target raft.

Bearings and ranges on the towed target were continuously plotted on the flagship up in the lead, and, as determined by these positions, suitable maneuvers were planned. Suddenly, the signal halliards would come to life with an array of bright-colored flags. No sooner would the flag hoist be flown and acknowledged by the trailing ships than it would be dropped to indicate the execution of the signal. Then, in accurate and precise formation, all four ships simultaneously would turn to close the range.

IT WOULD be another half hour before the signal to open fire would be given, but already men crouched inside the turrets, ready to do the part for which they had trained long, hard hours. Such a practice was a test not only of gunnery skill, but of machinery, for a man-of-war would be of no use if its machinery was unable to keep it in its proper place in the battle line.

The cruisers had just straightened out on a new course when Bob's trained eyes noted a rapid increase in distance between the *Denver* and the flagship. The emergency signal bell from the engine room began its raucous clanging. The Quartermaster jumped to the voice tube. With a ring to his voice he called, "The Engineering Officer reports that the fuel pumps have lost suction, Mr. Wakefield!"

"Hard left rudder!" called the Officer-of-the-Deck sharply, "Break the break-down flag!"

As the *Denver* pulled out of the column with her engines stopped, the seaman on watch jerked hard on a halliard and the numeral flag FIVE fluttered from the loose bundle it had been in, indicating to the remainder of the Division that the *Denver's* machinery had failed. White smoke poured from the stacks and Bob sent word to Captain Rumble. The other three ships held their course and soon were far ahead.

Down below decks, the engineering force was working frantically to pump fuel oil from the partially empty tanks to others further aft. The Engineer arrived on the bridge simultaneously with the Skipper. "We'll be ready to steam in five minutes, Captain. This heavy rolling uncovered our suction lines."

"We should have been given time to refuel before starting this practice," said Captain Rumble without rancor, "light off your boilers just as soon as you can. We may be able to get back in position before the order to commence firing is given."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the Engineering Officer as he disappeared on the run.

The black gang did better than they had promised and shortly afterwards the word came up the tube, "Steam is up and we're ready to go!"

The annunciator rang up "Full Speed Ahead" and the ship trembled as she began to get underway in an effort to catch up with her sisterships, now far ahead. Wakefield jumped to the mooring board to work out the shortest course which would bring the *Denver* into position. He was interrupted by the

As he emerged from the cockpit the blast of the propeller nearly tore his grip loose

Quartermaster, "Mr. Wakefield, the halliard on the break-down flag has carried away and the flag has been pulled up to the yardarm."

Bob kept on with his calculations, "Send someone aloft to bring down the flag and reeve a new halliard through the sheeve."

The ship had built up to full speed and was cutting through the water like a knife, on a course across the swells. Laying over on her side until she struck an oncoming wave, the cruiser would swing crazily to the opposite beams end. It was only with difficulty that those on watch on the bridge could keep their footing. But the *Denver* was making excellent speed, rapidly closing the distance to the remainder of the division.

Suddenly, the Quartermaster burst into the pilot house shouting, "Mr. Wakefield, McQueen, that seaman I sent aloft stepped off the footrope and is hanging by his hands out at the end of the yardarm!"

Captain Rumble came over and quietly said, "I relieve you of the deck, Bob. Go out and take charge of this new situation."

WAKEFIELD rushed out onto the wing of the bridge. Glancing aloft he saw the mast swinging violently as the ship rolled and, hanging on for his life, was McQueen. His feet had slipped and all that held him to his thin thread of life was his weakening grip on the yardarm. Already the lad had given up his efforts to swing his feet back over the footrope to safety and even if he had the strength to continue his struggles, the careening ship would have defeated his efforts.

If the *Denver* slowed down a knot, it would fail to gain its position with the remainder of the division in time to fire the practice. Missing it because of loss of engine power would result in a zero score. Besides, McQueen could not possibly hold on until the ship's way could be stopped. The youngster had to have help now.

Bob leapt up the ladder leading to the mast. Hand over hand he went on the rungs made slippery by salt spray. The higher he climbed the more accentuated appeared the extreme roll of the cruiser. It had been bad enough on the lower level of the bridge, but now, high aloft, the pendulum effect became sickening. Up and up he went. McQueen had about given up the struggle. He was waiting only for that final stage of exhaustion to go hurtling down the hundred and fifty feet to the sea, or worse, to the solid steel deck plates of the ship itself.

On raced the *Denver*, its roll slackening not a bit. Bob's breath was harder to get now as he continued upward on the double. After what seemed an eternity he reached the uppermost platform. He was almost afraid to look up. But, in a quick glance he discovered that the sailor at last realized help was on the way. He was clinging on with his last vestige of strength. Only one more vertical mast remained for the aviator to climb. Up he went, hanging on with all his strength as the rolling ship strove to shake him loose. Reaching the yardarm, Bob stood on the footrope and began to inch his way out to the end.

"Hang on, McQueen," he shouted, "I'll get you!" But, in his heart, Bob knew that his words were mostly encouragement, for he was far from certain that he could hang onto this swaying perch and still pull the lad to safety.

As the ship rolled, the mast lurched forward and down in a sickening arc to stop with a tremendous shock. Then, with accelerated pace, it lurched dizzily toward the opposite beam to repeat its shock with terrifying force. Bob gritted his teeth and continued his slow progress. At last, he was within touching distance and with one arm wrapped tightly around the yardarm, he reached down and grasped the waist of the bluejacket.

"Hang on for all you're worth, McQueen, and pull up slowly. I can't support your whole weight, but I'll heave on you enough to enable you to reach the footrope."

Slowly and surely, the sailor hoisted himself upward, his face white from the strain of battling for his life. With a last effort he managed to throw one leg over the footrope and at last he was able to sit upon it, balancing by his arm on the yardarm. Down on deck the collected group of bluejackets let out a cheer which only faintly reached the ears of the two men high above.

McQueen looked up piteously. "I don't think I can make it, Mr. Wakefield."

Bob's sympathy went out to him, but this was no time to show it. He said harshly. "Of course you can. The hardest part is over."

SLOWLY they inched their way in toward the mast. After a rest, McQueen shifted to the ladder while the aviator climbed the rungs outside the frightened sailor. Rung by rung, in unison, down they went.

They were back on deck before Bob realized that once more the *Denver* was in her proper position in the division formation. McQueen said haltingly, "Mr. Wakefield, I don't know how to thank you."

"That's all right, McQueen," replied the officer, "I'm sorry you got into such a situation."

"It's my own fault, sir," declared McQueen sheepishly, "I'm afraid of heights. I had no business going up there, but I thought I might cure myself of being afraid, if I did go up." His eyes stayed glued to the deck, "But now, I know I am a coward."

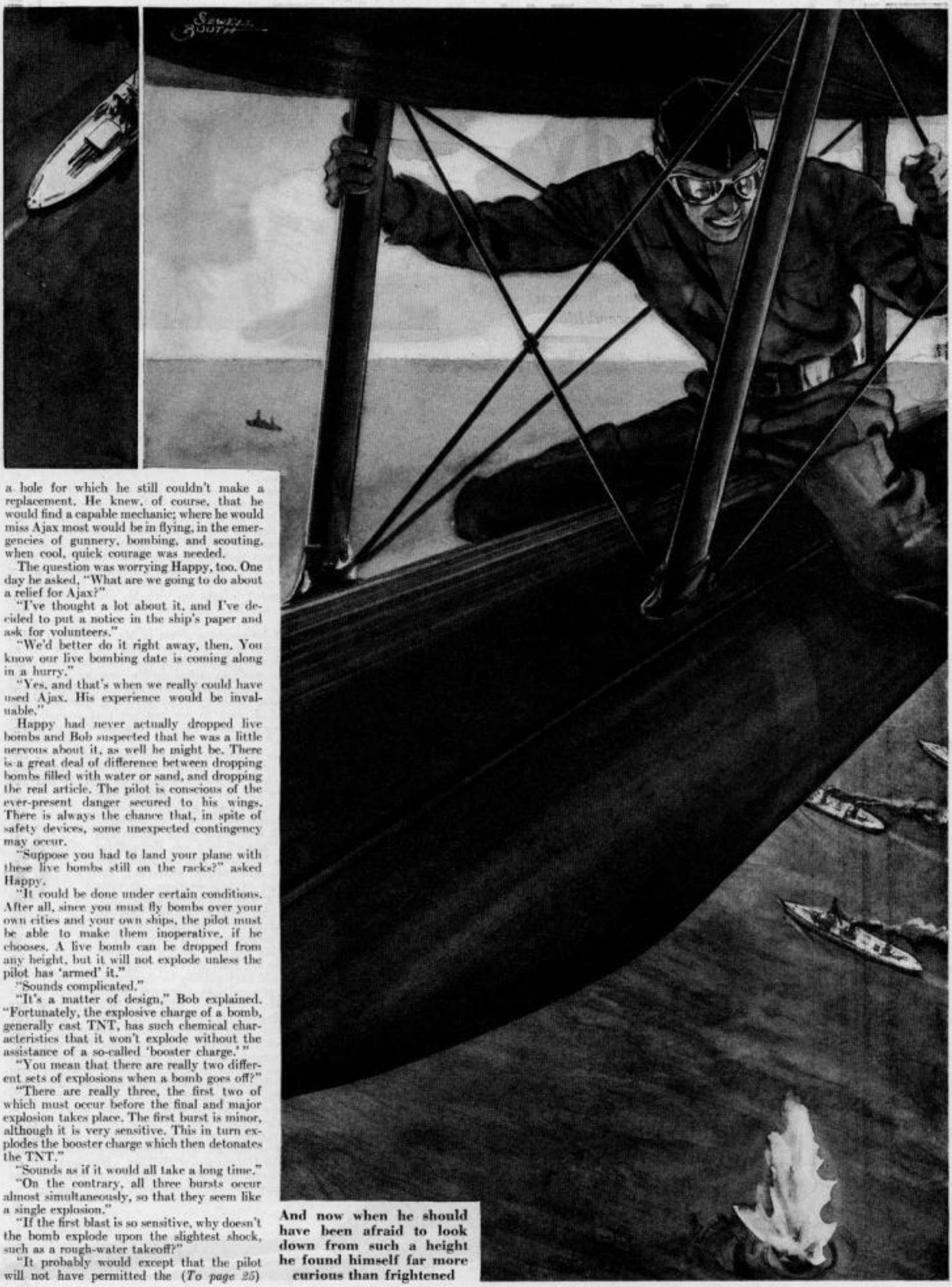
Bob shook his head, "Why, that doesn't prove a thing. If you want to know, I was more than a little afraid myself."

A wry smile touched the corners of McQueen's lips, "Oh, no, sir! Why, you fly those Albatrosses. You're not afraid of anything."

Bob chuckled, "I wish you were right."

It was a short while after this incident, when Ajax had gone, that Bob realized there was a hole in the ranks of the *Denver's* aviation unit,

Copyrighted material



a hole for which he still couldn't make a replacement. He knew, of course, that he would find a capable mechanic; where he would miss Ajax most would be in flying, in the emergencies of gunnery, bombing, and scouting, when cool, quick courage was needed.

The question was worrying Happy, too. One day he asked, "What are we going to do about a relief for Ajax?"

"I've thought a lot about it, and I've decided to put a notice in the ship's paper and ask for volunteers."

"We'd better do it right away, then. You know our live bombing date is coming along in a hurry."

"Yes, and that's when we really could have used Ajax. His experience would be invaluable."

Happy had never actually dropped live bombs and Bob suspected that he was a little nervous about it, as well he might be. There is a great deal of difference between dropping bombs filled with water or sand, and dropping the real article. The pilot is conscious of the ever-present danger secured to his wings. There is always the chance that, in spite of safety devices, some unexpected contingency may occur.

"Suppose you had to land your plane with these live bombs still on the racks?" asked Happy.

"It could be done under certain conditions. After all, since you must fly bombs over your own cities and your own ships, the pilot must be able to make them inoperative, if he chooses. A live bomb can be dropped from any height, but it will not explode unless the pilot has 'armed' it."

"Sounds complicated."

"It's a matter of design," Bob explained. "Fortunately, the explosive charge of a bomb, generally cast TNT, has such chemical characteristics that it won't explode without the assistance of a so-called 'booster charge.'"

"You mean that there are really two different sets of explosions when a bomb goes off?"

"There are really three, the first two of which must occur before the final and major explosion takes place. The first burst is minor, although it is very sensitive. This in turn explodes the booster charge which then detonates the TNT."

"Sounds as if it would all take a long time."

"On the contrary, all three bursts occur almost simultaneously, so that they seem like a single explosion."

"If the first blast is so sensitive, why doesn't the bomb explode upon the slightest shock, such as a rough-water takeoff?"

"It probably would except that the pilot will not have permitted the (*To page 25*)

And now when he should have been afraid to look down from such a height he found himself far more curious than frightened

Copyrighted material

Three Who Were Nobody

by Hermann Hagedorn

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

There is Quite a Difference Between Overconfidence and Overambition

CRAIG MALLINSON was a wonder—and he knew it.

He was everything a quarterback ought to be; lithe, quick on his toes, resourceful, cool-headed, plucky, and he directed his team as the conductor of an orchestra directs his players, to make one instrument out of many personalities. The team almost forgot that Stan Wentworth was captain, in its instinctive drift toward the natural leader. Stan almost forgot it himself and went to Craig for advice.

There was something extraordinary about that. For Craig had arrived at the school a scant eight weeks before, and was only a Fourth Former, with three years to go. Even while they followed him, some of the Fifth and Sixth Formers on the team grumbled among themselves.

"He thinks he's the cat's right eyelash," growled Jimmie Kohlsaat, one of the halfbacks, a veteran of three seasons.

"Well, he is, isn't he?" retorted his roommate, Freddy Symons. "He's got the goods, hasn't he?"

"Oh, he's got the goods all right, but—"

That "but" buzzed around the locker-room like a mosquito alone in a room on a hot night. There wasn't a boy on the team who did not admire Craig, who didn't want to jump as he'd never jumped before when Craig ripped out the signal, and who didn't at one time or another say that same "but".

"He's good, and I haven't got a thing against him," remarked Jack Harkness, who played left guard, "but I just don't think it's right for him to be barging into Hal Keator's place in Hal's Sixth Form year and stealing the glory."

"But if he's the better man?" queried Freddy. "We're trying to lick Chancellor's Hall. We're not running a club."

"I know it," said Jack irritably, "and I suppose it's all right. But I don't like it, that's all."

There were others who didn't like it, among them the whole second team. When the Conquering Hero had squeezed Hal Keator out of his position as quarterback of the first team, Hal had taken it on the chin, and become the bright particular star of the seconds. They stood around him with a devotion matched only by their resentment toward the cause of Hal's demotion. Their feelings proved contagious. The school became divided into those who were for Craig on the ground that he was the better player of the two, which he was, and those who were for Hal because he deserved the position, and had been good enough to win the year before.

Craig knew what was being said. He caught it in the locker-room when the speakers did not know he was in the adjoining alcove. He heard it in the Archway, waiting for the supper-bell. He got it cool and straight from Mr. McKevry, the athletic director, who was coaching the football squad. "There's a lot of feeling, Craig," he said, "because I've put you where you are. Everybody thinks you're good, all right, but they think you're too good, and they don't like it. What they mean, without being able to say it, is, I think, that there's something in you which hasn't caught up with your ability or your ambition."

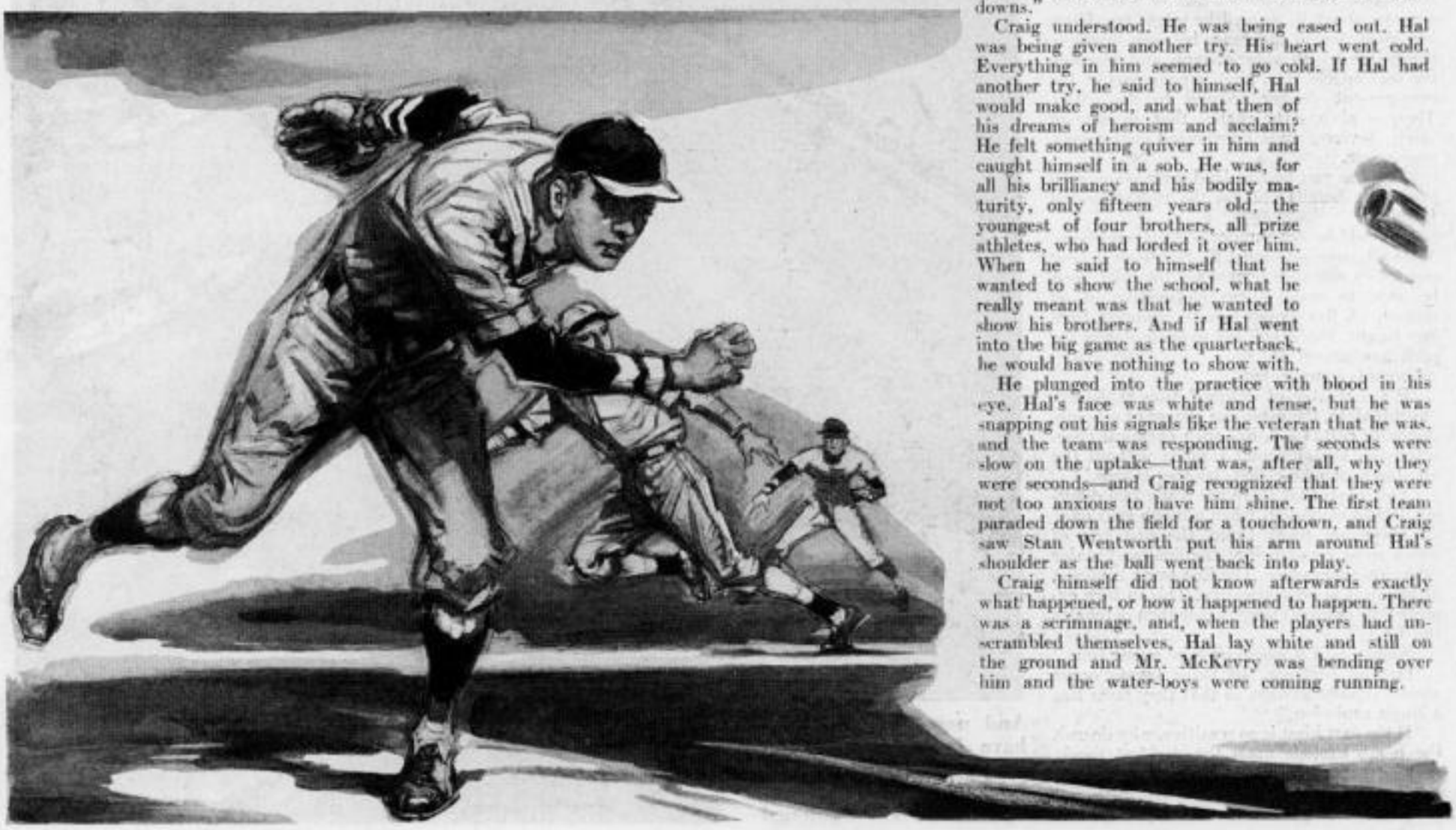
Craig's lips stiffened and went a little white. McKevry was preaching to him, was he? Well, he'd show him. He'd show the whole school. He'd show them that he was the best quarterback the Towers had ever had. He'd tie such knots in the Chancellor's Hall team that the Towers would talk about it for the rest of its history. He, a Fourth Former, a new boy, would be the hero of the school. Something in him hadn't caught up with his ability or his ambition, eh? He'd show 'em!

BUT he caught a gleam in Mr. McKevry's quiet, brown eyes next day which made him feel as though someone had dropped an icicle down his neck. "We're going to stiffen up the practice today," he said, as Craig trotted up to him on the field for the afternoon practice. "I'm switching you and Hal around. I want to see you get that second team together and make the first team work for its touchdowns."

Craig understood. He was being eased out. Hal was being given another try. His heart went cold. Everything in him seemed to go cold. If Hal had another try, he said to himself, Hal would make good, and what then of his dreams of heroism and acclaim? He felt something quiver in him and caught himself in a sob. He was, for all his brilliancy and his bodily maturity, only fifteen years old, the youngest of four brothers, all prize athletes, who had lorded it over him. When he said to himself that he wanted to show the school, what he really meant was that he wanted to show his brothers. And if Hal went into the big game as the quarterback, he would have nothing to show with.

He plunged into the practice with blood in his eye. Hal's face was white and tense, but he was snapping out his signals like the veteran that he was, and the team was responding. The seconds were slow on the uptake—that was, after all, why they were seconds—and Craig recognized that they were not too anxious to have him shine. The first team paraded down the field for a touchdown, and Craig saw Stan Wentworth put his arm around Hal's shoulder as the ball went back into play.

Craig himself did not know afterwards exactly what happened, or how it happened to happen. There was a scrimmage, and, when the players had unscrambled themselves, Hal lay white and still on the ground and Mr. McKevry was bending over him and the water-boys were coming running.



Copyrighted material

Craig suddenly found himself standing alone.

The coach turned. "Get a stretcher." Two boys ran toward the locker-building. "Mallinson."

The boy was white as Hal, lying unconscious on the grass. "Yes, sir."

"I saw what happened. Go to the locker-room."

The story, as the school pieced it together, was that, in order to remove his rival, Craig had slugged him under cover of a scrimmage, knocked his wind out and broken three ribs. Hal was out of the game for the season. But Mr. McKevry was not the man to let any boy profit by treachery. He dismissed Craig from the squad. The team went into the Chancellor's Hall game with a third-string quarterback and was slaughtered.

The boys knew whom to blame.

Craig Mallinson faced the contempt of the school with emotions so mixed that he himself could not have disentangled them. He hated the boys because he knew that they were hating him, but he hated himself more than he hated them. For he had been caught in an act of brutal treachery, and he was neither brutal nor treacherous by nature. Something in his character which, in Mr. Kevry's warning words, had not caught up with his ability or his ambition, had betrayed him into an act which he, as well as his schoolmates, knew was rotten. The fact that the act was the indirect cause of the school's defeat, made his contrition all the deeper, for he had come to love the school, and he really wanted to serve it.

He pretended not to care when the boys cold-shouldered him but their scorn cut. If they had gibed at him he might have flown at them with his hard and effective fists, but they merely did not speak to him. They acted as though he were not there.

"I'll show 'em," he said to himself sullenly. "Spring is going to be here by and by, and I'll show 'em." Baseball was his favorite game, and one of his brothers who had been a crack pitcher at Yale, had taught him all the wrinkles. He began to count the days until baseball practice should start. But Dr. Parker, the school physician, giving him the mid-year once-over, decided that his heart wasn't keeping up with the rest of his system, and clamped down on all violent exercise for a year.

Craig managed to control himself until he got to his room. He didn't want the doctor to think he couldn't take it.

MR. McKEVRY said to himself that Craig Mallinson had played a schoolmate and the school itself as dirty a trick as a boy could. He would have enjoyed expelling him at the end of his own boot, but the Towers, unlike other schools, did not expel boys merely because they seemed particularly in need of education. And when he saw the boy grow thin and peaked in his bitterness, his heart softened. One evening in the late winter, he stopped Craig in the Archway. "You look sunk, Mallinson," he said with characteristic directness. "Come to my room and tell me about it." Mr. McKevry had never told him what he thought of him, and now, said Craig to himself, it was coming.

BUT what came was not the tongue-lashing Craig had anticipated. "Stretch out on the couch, son," Mr. McKevry said. "I'm going to tell you a story."

The boy pricked up his ears.

"Did you ever know that I was nearly dropped from the faculty once?"

"You? No."

"It was the first year I was here and that's almost twenty years ago. I was engaged to teach Third Form mathematics and to be assistant football coach. I had been All-American fullback and had coached my college team, but that didn't seem to make much impression on the headmaster or the faculty, and I made up my mind that the school was going to find out that I was somebody. It wasn't long before I had a set-to with old Jake Logan, who was the head coach. Jake was Horatius at the Bridge and the wily Ulysses, rolled into one, but I thought he was old-fashioned and I let him understand that it wouldn't be long before I'd be in his shoes and doing things the way they ought to be done. Jake didn't say much but one day he told me his grandmother had died and he was going to be away for a few weeks and there I was in full charge. Did I think it was a break! I chucked all Jake's ideas in a heap, junked all his formations, devised my own strategy and revolutionized that team. I was going to show 'em! Well, I showed 'em, Craig! The score was 40 to 0."

Craig's eyes danced. "Hot dog! You showed 'em!"

"Yes, I showed 'em. You see, it was Chancellor's Hall which got the 40."

"Oh!" The boy's jaws dropped.

"I wanted to be somebody before I had the goods."

"What happened?"

"Dr. Hartwell, the headmaster, told old Jake that I was a four-flusher and he was going to drop me over the side. But old Jake shook his head. I had (To page 37)

The end was ridiculously unexpected after the dramatic tension. A pop-fly dropping comfortably into the catcher's mitt

Copyrighted material

SWORDS OVER THE ANDES

by Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEASLIP

Begin the Story Here

DICK WEATHERBY, wishing to accept a job with the American Consul, Mr. Joel Poinsett, then in Santiago, Chile (which country has just declared its independence), sailed from New York in the year 1812 on the whaling ship Providence. The ship is captured by Peruvian privateers and its crew interned. Dick escaped, and made his way to Santiago, where Mr. Poinsett, on hearing his story, plans to fight for the release of the imprisoned American sailors and takes a commission in the Chilean army with Dick his orderly.

PART III

DICK WEATHERBY, as Mr. Poinsett's Aide, found plenty to do. He spent much of his time carrying messages between the Municipal Palace, where his newly-appointed superior had been given an office, and the military camps outside the town. Long hours each day in the saddle left him too tired, at night, to do much more than climb into bed, at the Consul General's house.

The Chilean army, while full of enthusiasm, lacked proper organization and equipment, and here Mr. Poinsett's ability proved valuable. His knowledge of military matters, gained during years of travel abroad, was extensive; it was later to bring him a position in the cabinet of President Van Buren as United States Secretary of War. Now, assisted by many patriotic Chilean officers he gave all his time and energy to the task of welding the thousands of clerks, shop-keepers, farmers, herdsmen and the like who crowded to the colors, into a well equipped and properly provisioned army. A multitude of details occupied his days, from boots and knapsacks to food, ammunition and field artillery.

"Napoleon Bonaparte once said to me," he told Dick one night at supper, "that cavalry and cannon are the right and left hands of any army. Look about tomorrow, my boy, and see if you can't find some more light pieces in the city's fortifications, that can be mounted on wheels, for field service. We need more guns."

Even muskets were scarce, although he managed to have more brought over the Andes. As each regiment was equipped it was sent south to Talca on the River Maule, where the patriot army had established its headquarters.

The royalists under command of Admiral Pareja, the Spanish officer who had captured Talcahuano, had by now spread out from that port to take the nearby city of Concepçion, and were gaining many recruits, particularly in the south. From Concepçion they began a slow advance up the valley toward the patriot headquarters.

"General O'Higgins will stop them," Mr. Poinsett said.

"O'Higgins?" Dick glanced across the table, grinning.

"Exactly. A brilliant officer and liberty-loving Irishman whose father was at one time Governor of Chile, under Spanish rule. O'Higgins, and Colonel Mackenna, one of his assistants, are the best officers the patriots have. José Carrera is more of a political than a military leader, and his two brothers, Jean and Luis, although both have been given important commands, are just parade-ground soldiers without any real knowledge of war."

No word was received from the Viceroy regarding

It was a remarkable exploit. Mr. Poinsett, hearing Dick's account of the battle, smiled

Copyrighted material

"This man is the prisoner who escaped from the *Providence* the night she was brought into port"

the imprisoned sailors, nor as the weeks went by did Mr. Poinsett expect any. The doors of the dungeon at Talcahuano had closed silently behind them, not to be opened again, it seemed, except by force.

When the last of the new regiments had been organized and equipped and was ready to start south, Mr. Poinsett and Dick went with it; it was followed by a long train of food and ammunition wagons.

"There's no time to lose," Mr. Poinsett said, as they took their last look at Santiago. "It's May now which down here is the same as October. Before long the rainy season will set in, turn the roads and fields into quagmires, and put a stop to military operations. But it will take more than rain to keep me from going to the help of those sailors."

A FORTNIGHT later they rode into Talca, and Dick recognized it as the ancient, cobbled town in which he had sold his brace of pistols.

The place was humming with activity now in strong contrast to its previous sleepy existence. Over 10,000 men were camped in the town or along the bank of the nearby Maule. *Senor* Carrera had established his headquarters in the ancient provincial Palace, and it was here at a staff meeting that Dick got his first glimpse of General Bernardo O'Higgins, destined to become the supreme head of the new Chilean Republic and the idol of its people.

Dick found him a quiet, stern-jawed man, whose dress and manner were in striking contrast to the two young Carrera boys in their gaudy uniforms. He listened gravely while Mr. Poinsett told of his wagon trains, urged more training for the artillerymen. To the opinion of the younger Carreras he paid no attention at all.

The staff meeting had just broken up when a young officer arrived with news that a royalist patrol of two hundred men had approached the patriot lines along the river under a flag of truce, claiming they bore an important message, but on being met had treacherously fired a volley of shots and made off to the south in great haste. The Director General at once ordered a force of six hundred men sent in pursuit of them.

"If you don't mind, sir," Dick whispered to Mr. Poinsett, "I'd like to go along."

"Very well, my boy. You'd as well learn once and for all that war isn't just riding around town carrying messages." He said a few words to *Senor* Carrera, with the result that when Captain Uribe, the young Chilean officer who had brought the news, returned to the lines, Dick galloped along with him.

The sun was just setting when the little force set out, under command of Captain Ross, one of O'Higgins's best officers. The night turned cloudy as they proceeded southward, marching at double speed to overtake the retreating patrol. Toward midnight, watchfires gleaming ahead marked the location of a camp and orders were sent along the patriot column to move silently and be ready, at the word, to charge.

Dick, riding ahead with a group of officers thought there were a great many watchfires, for a camp of two hundred men, but did not say anything, and a few moments later Captain Ross barked a sharp command. The patriots dashed forward, shouting their battle cries, firing at the shadowy figures that rose to block their attack.

THE surprise was complete. The royalist sentries, nodding over their fires, had not heard the column's swift approach. All over the fields bordering the roadway suddenly awakened men were searching in the darkness for their arms. The patriots, spreading out fanwise from the road, shot them down. Bursts of musket fire, scattered here and there throughout the gloom, gave the impression of an attack not by a few hundred men but by as many thousands.

Prisoners began to arrive, guarded by cheering troops. Dick saw a score of patriots dragging a captured field gun, followed by others, an entire battery. The flashes of musketry showed hundreds of dark figures fleeing in disorder toward the south. This was clearly no scouting patrol the patriot column had come upon; as a matter of fact, without knowing it, they had blundered into the main body of the royalist army!

So far Dick had seen no real fighting, but only gun flashes and prisoners being rounded up. But Captain Ross, observing their numbers began to realize his danger and ordered a quick retreat. Fortunately the enemy, taken by surprise, was still in flight toward the nearby town of Yerbes Buenas, thinking it had been attacked by a great force.

Dick, with Captain Uribe and the other mounted officers galloped here and there, trying to get the men back into line. Retirement was not easy, with prisoners and captured artillery blocking the road. To make matters worse, two squadrons of royalist cavalry, encamped some distance away, suddenly swept down on Captain Ross's little column in a furious charge.

The Chileans met it gallantly with volleys of musket fire, at the same time moving slowly northward in the direction of Talca. Soon the fighting became general and Dick found himself in the midst of it, a bit scared, but determined to conceal the fact from his companions.

A detachment of royalist cavalry attacked the small group of officers, riding at the rear of their men. Dick saw a galloping trooper aim a sabre-blow at his head, managed to dodge it, tumble the man from his saddle with a quick pistol shot. A second went down beneath the butt of a Chilean's clubbed musket. Half a dozen others were beaten off, but not until Captain Ross had been killed by a pistol ball through the head. The retreating column fought its way onward with magnificent courage, although forced to abandon its prisoners and most of the captured guns. When they finally reached the river, at dawn, the patriots had lost two hundred of their six hundred officers and men—and, without knowing it, sent the entire royalist army fleeing southward in disordered retreat.

It was a remarkable exploit. Mr. Poinsett, hearing Dick's account of the battle, smiled.

"Men like that can't be defeated!" he exclaimed. "Chile will remain free! As for you, young man," he gazed critically at Dick's haggard face, his dust-stained uniform, "take my advice and get a few hours' sleep."

FOR a week the patriot army held its position along the Maule River, awaiting a royalist attack. Then reports filtered through that the Viceroy's army, badly shaken by its reverse at Yerbas Buenas, had retreated southward to the village of San Carlos and taken its stand there.

At once José Carrera gave orders that the patriot forces should advance. Through Linares, Parral, Budi the patriots marched, and finally came face to face with the enemy at San Carlos.

Dick rode out with Mr. Poinsett (*To page 30*)

Copyrighted material

A call to all AMERICANS

THE Boy Scouts of America is one of sixteen national agencies which have joined under the auspices of the Citizenship Educational Service in issuing a call to all Americans at this critical time in the history of our country. As Editor of BOYS' LIFE I am happy to make available a copy of the appeal made over the signatures of the President of the Boy Scouts of America and myself as Chief Scout Executive, addressed to Scouts and Scouters reading as follows:

"Your cooperation is requested in securing the widest possible distribution and practical use of the Statement and Pledge in this folder. It is presented in this form to encourage display in offices and homes.

"We invite especial attention to the following paragraph:

" 'While recognizing the urgent necessity for military preparedness, we are deeply convinced that the paramount need in national defense is the strengthening and invigorating of democracy in the United States. This we propose to do through our respective programs of activity and education.'

"Further, we urge you to reflect upon the importance of the Statement and to subscribe to the Pledge, and do all in your power to have others do likewise.

"A place has been provided for your signature as evidence of your personal commitment and agreement."

The Statement and Pledge are reproduced on the opposite page.

I have great confidence in the youth of America. I believe that the great majority of American youth think soundly, and are vitally concerned about doing something for their country, rather than in demanding that their country do something for them.

On this basis I present to the readers of BOYS' LIFE, Scouts and all other boys, an opportunity to join in a crusade to have the content of the Statement and the Pledge accepted individually, by all the members of your household, and by as many of your friends and acquaintances as you can reach.

Additional copies of the Statement and Pledge may be secured from the Boy Scouts of America at $1.00 per hundred or $5.00 per thousand.

I am confident that the readers of BOYS' LIFE will join in this united effort to keep our nation strong in valor and confident in freedom, so that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

James E. West

CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE AND EDITOR OF BOYS' LIFE

THE SCOUT OATH

On my honor I will do my best—

To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law.

To help other people at all times.

To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

BOYS' LIFE

The Boy Scouts' Magazine

2 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.

Special BOYS' LIFE Committee

Theodore Roosevelt, Chairman
Charles Presbrey, Vice Chairman
Victor F. Ridder, E. W. Palmer

EDITOR
James E. West

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Don Beard F. K. Mathiews

MANAGING EDITOR
Irving Crump

ASSISTANT EDITORS
E. O'Connor N. T. Mathiews
Wm. Hillcourt

ART EDITOR CIRCULATION MANAGER
Francis J. Rigney M. M. Ammerman

ADVERTISING OFFICES

NEW YORK, N. Y. 2 Park Ave.
P. W. Wilson, Business Manager
V. E. Carroll
C. F. Jackson

BOSTON, MASS. Old South Building
Charles Dorr, Manager

CHICAGO, ILL. 9 West Washington St.
J. D. Emrich, Western Advertising Mgr.
Kirkwood Sampson

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 448 So. Hill St.
Blanchard-Nichols

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 100 Bush St.
Blanchard-Nichols

SEATTLE, WASH. Henry Building
W. F. Coleman

DETROIT, MICH. 2842 W. Grand Blvd
L. L. Parker

National Officers of the Boy Scouts of America

HONORARY PRESIDENT
Franklin D. Roosevelt

PRESIDENT
Walter W. Head

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS

Herbert Hoover
Colin H. Livingstone
Daniel Carter Beard
William G. McAdoo

NATIONAL SCOUT COMMISSIONER
Daniel Carter Beard

TREASURER
Lewis Gawtry

CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE
James E. West

DEPUTY CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE
George J. Fisher

Copyrighted material

"THE PARAMOUNT NEED IN NATIONAL DEFENSE IS THE STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING OF DEMOCRACY"

We, the undersigned, representing organizations cooperating with Citizenship Educational Service, which have a membership of thirty million Americans, join in sounding a clarion call to all our members and to all our fellow-citizens to arouse themselves to vitalize the ideals of American democracy.

While recognizing the urgent necessity for military preparedness, we are deeply convinced that the paramount need in national defense is the strengthening and invigorating of democracy in the United States. This we propose to do through our respective programs of activity and education.

We have a keen appreciation of the meaning of the Liberties guaranteed to us by the Bill of Rights, insuring freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, right of assembly, right of petition, right of private property, security from arbitrary power, equal justice, and trial by jury. Every one must be made to realize that "Liberty is not only a heritage but a fresh conquest for each generation". The preservation of liberty rests upon the affirmation of the dignity of the individual and the acceptance of individual responsibility by every citizen of our land.

Nazism, Communism, and Fascism, alike with other dictatorships, represent a return into the age-old slavery from which humanity has risen to the freedom of democracy. It is democracy that is young and strong, that has steadily won its way against the grim tyrannies of the past, and that has proved its vitality by preserving liberty and by establishing here the highest standard of living of any society on earth.

With trust in the God of our fathers, each of us girds himself for whatever struggle we may face. We stand firm in the full knowledge that shoulder to shoulder with us stand the American people. They share our faith—faith in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Mindful of the hard work, sacrifice, and clear thinking of our forefathers, who, with the help of God, gave us our liberties, we will carry on with all our might in meeting the problems we face in the present world crisis and in our own national life. To this end,

WE, AS AMERICANS, SOLEMNLY PLEDGE OURSELVES:

To join wholeheartedly and with personal sacrifice in strengthening the work of our organizations and of other civic and social activities in our community, our state, and our nation,

To be vigilant and courageous in maintaining human sympathy and respect for the rights of others.

To beware of the enemies of democracy, whatever their passwords or places of birth, and wherever they may be found,

To stand united with all lovers of freedom, whatever their tongue or origin.

To keep our nation strong in valor, and confident in freedom, so that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Theodore Roosevelt, *Vice-President*,
Boy Scouts of America

James E. West, *Chief Scout Executive*
Boy Scouts of America

Sanford Bates, *Executive Director*
Boys' Clubs of America

Samuel M. Cavert, *General Secretary*,
Federal Council of Churches

Everett R. Clinchy, *Director*
National Conference of Christians and Jews

Mrs. John French, *Past President*,
The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations

Edward S. Greenbaum,
Past Chairman, Survey Committee,
American Jewish Committee

Hermann Hagedorn, *Director*
Roosevelt Memorial Association

Judge Murray Hulbert,
Past Grand Exalted Ruler,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Mrs. Henry A. Ingraham, *President*,
The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations

Judge Irving Lehman, *Honorary President*,
Jewish Welfare Board

John E. Manley, *General Secretary*,
The National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations

Spencer Miller, Jr., *Director*
Workers Education Bureau of America

Reverend Edward Roberts Moore

Daniel P. Higgins, *President*
Catholic Youth Organization of New York

Daniel A. Poling, *President*
International Society of Christian Endeavor

Lester F. Scott, *National Executive*
Camp Fire Girls

Walter White, *Secretary*,
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

Matthew Woll, *Vice-President*,
American Federation of Labor

PERSONAL PARTICIPATION

As evidence of my approval of the Statement made by representatives of various organizations above set forth, I personally subscribe to the pledge and agree to do all in my power to have others do likewise.

Signed .....

Boy Scouts of America Edition

Copies available in lots of 100 at $1.00, in lots of 1000, at $5.00. Address the Supply Service, Boy Scouts of America, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Copyrighted material

THE SCOUT WORLD

Edited by **James E. West,** *Chief Scout Executive*

GIVES DECISION: Honorable Owen J. Roberts, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, samples some Scout cooking and hands down a favorable decision at the Chester County Council's Camporee, West Chester, Penna.

WIN TROPHY: The S.S.S. Flying Cloud of Astoria, Oregon (member of the National Flagship Fleet), was winner of the Portland Area Council's 1940 Regatta Trophy.

BROTHER SCOUTS: The fellowship of Scouting among all races is shown in the Honolulu Council, Hawaii: Front Row: Chinese, Korean, Filipino. Back Row: American Indian, Portuguese, Caucasian, Japanese, Hawaiian.

UNIQUE GIFT: At Arden, N. Y., "Uncle Dan" Beard, National Scout Commissioner, presented this finely decorated tepee, made by the medicine women of the Blackfoot tribe, to the Camp Fire Girls of America.

GETTING READY: These Rochester, N. Y., Scouts list the equipment borrowed from the camp commissary as they fill their pack basket for that last hike of the summertime.

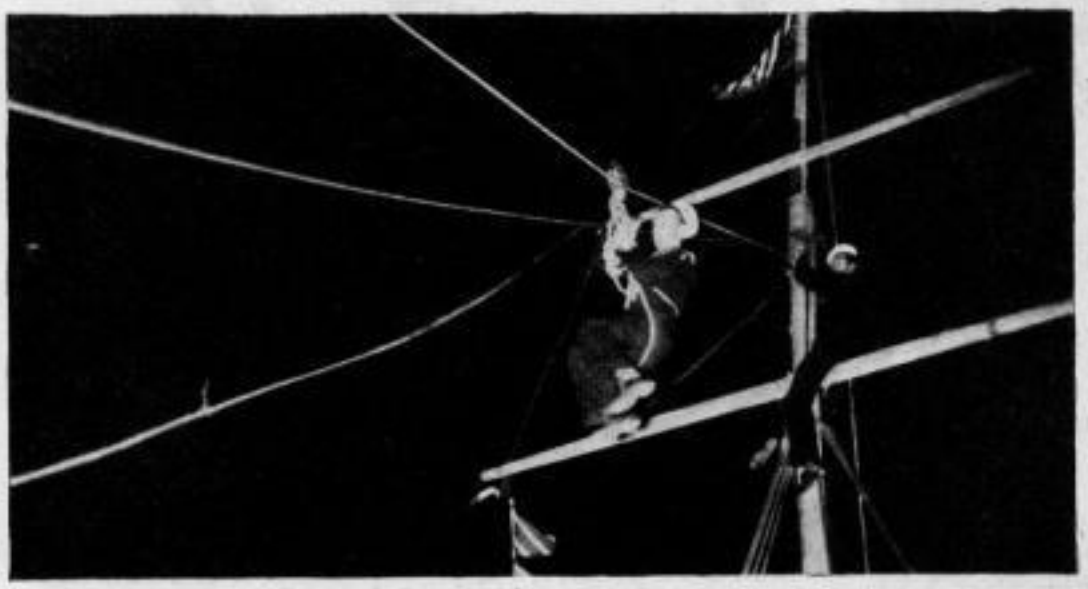
SCOUTING DEMONSTRATION: In their booth at the 75 Years of Negro Progress Exposition in Detroit, Mich., negro Scouts gave a continuous demonstration of Scout crafts.

BEWARE OF SNAKES: During the Louisville Area Council's Camporee at Mammoth Cave National Park, Ky., Scouts were shown how a cottonmouth moccasin's poison fangs operate.

Copyrighted material

MAKING A SAIL: Sea Scouts of Ship 129, Baltimore, Md., busy laying plans for the next cruise, are making a sail under the direction of their Skipper.

SAMARITAN KINDNESS: Walter C. Gregory (top center) recently stricken blind, found Scouts of Troop 119, sponsored by Zadek Temple, St. Louis, Mo., to be good samaritans. They took him, a gentile, into their Scouting family, raising the $300 necessary for him to travel to Morristown, N. J., where he will receive training with a Seeing Eye Dog. (Globe-Democrat photo)



DRAMATIZE RESCUE: Members of the S.S.S. Robinson Crusoe, Fresno, Calif., staged a daring breeches buoy rescue at the Sequoia Area Council's 12th Annual Scout Rally.

NEW CITIZEN RITES: In exchange for the flag of their homeland, newly naturalized citizens, in a ceremony at East Chicago, Ind., received United States Flags from Scouts who welcomed these new citizens.

"PRESTO": Seeing isn't believing to this Tenderfoot Scout, mystified by trick rope work at the Louisville Area Council's Camporee, Mammoth Cave National Park, Ky.

CREW MEMBERS: Each day this summer Sea Scouts Kenneth Van Albert (left) and Billy Celberg (right) of the S.S.S. Prentice sailed on the Floating Hospital Ship of St. John's Guild, New York City, helping care for the 1200 passengers, women and children from the tenement districts.

EARN CAMP MONEY: It's soap and water, the bucket and brush, for house pets of Houston, Texas, as Troop 231 earns money for camp by running a dog laundry.

LOWER COLORS: At Retreat, with bugle call and roll of a drum, colors are lowered at the Boy Scout Service Camp at the New York World's Fair.

Copyrighted material

AWARD FOR BRAVERY: For a heroic rescue from a burning yacht, Sea Scouts Harley Kinney, Joseph Conley, and Richard Campion of Yonkers, N. Y., received Gold Honor Medals from the National Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America.

PATRIOTIC OBSERVANCE: Flag Day was celebrated at Twin Falls, Idaho, with a parade led by a Scout Color Guard of (L. to R.) Alvin Jenkins, Wayne Gardner, and Hubert Paddock.

INDIAN HEADDRESSES: Indian lore craftsmanship is a popular study for members of the Boy Scout Service Camp, shown making Indian headdresses at the New York World's Fair.

METAMORPHOSIS: Getting ready for the fire opening ceremony at the Boston Council's Camporee required a little back stage maneuvering as these Massachusetts Scouts don their Indian regalia.

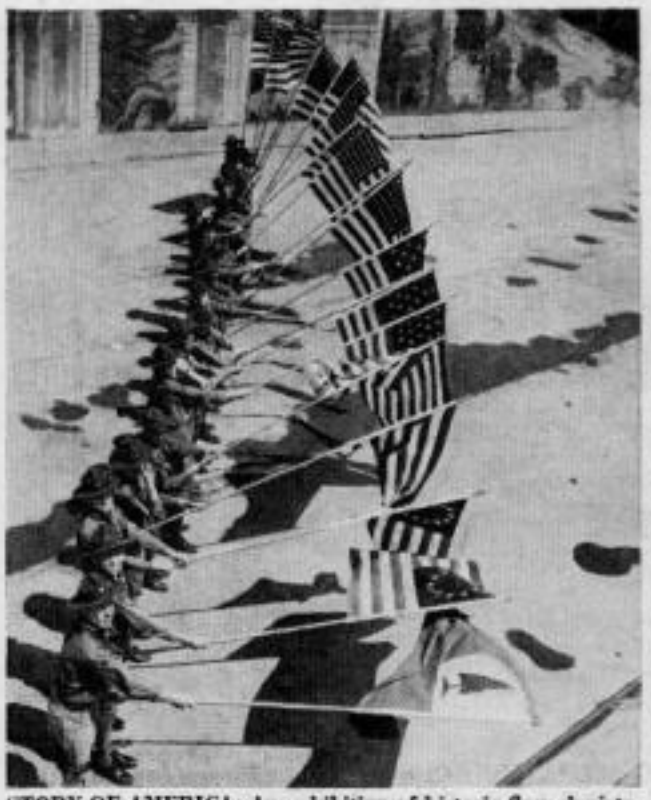
CAMPING TIME: Troop 65 of Twin Falls, Idaho, watches Scoutmaster Lawrence Lundin roll his bedroll as the Troop prepares to attend the Snake River Area Council's Camporee.

HITCHING POST: Tying knots over a pole, at a Scout Round-up, was a cinch for Scouts Charles Axtell, Johnny McIntyre, and Reginald Machell of Troop 10, Phoenix, Arizona.

Copyrighted material

BOY SCOUT DAY AT TREASURE ISLAND

Scouts Participated July 6th at the Golden Gate International Exposition



STORY OF AMERICA: An exhibition of historic flags depicts the growth of a nation from 13 colonies to 48 states.

CAVALCADE OF SCOUTING: In the great amphitheater at Treasure Island, Scouts from all sectors of the West assemble to present a colorful pageant—a tribute in song and cheer, with Flag and ideal, to our American way of life.

OUR FLAG: On the stage of the "Cavalcade" theater Scouts presented in tableau the evolution of "Old Glory". (All photos by Golden Gate International Exposition)

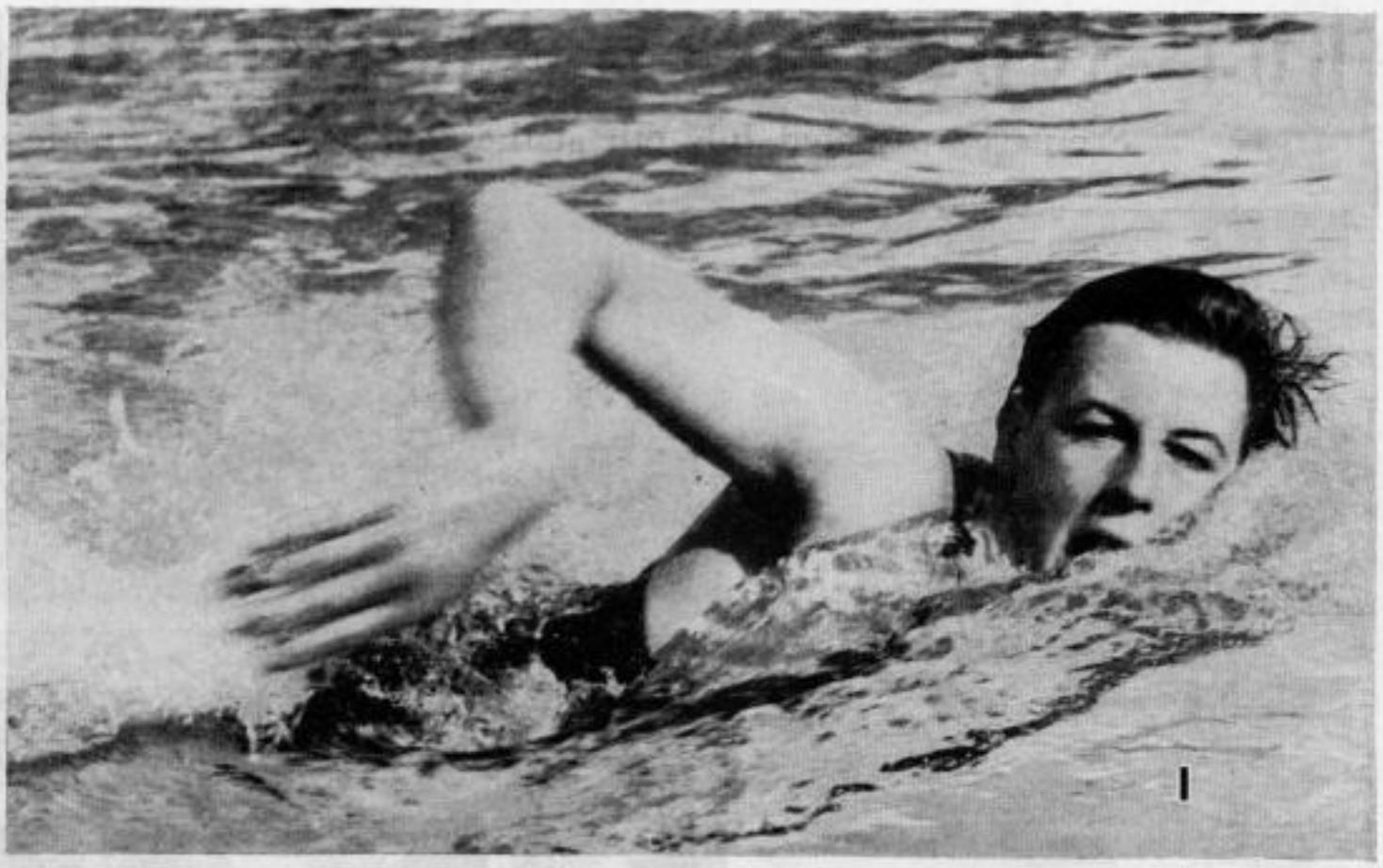
EXPOSITION MODEL: Of great interest to Scouts and visitors alike was the model of Treasure Island displayed in the Scout Exhibit by Cub Pack 24 of Richmond, Calif.

HISTORIC ENGINE: At the "Cavalcade" Scouts climbed aboard Old Jupiter, famous engine of pioneer days.

MOVING KITCHEN: Uh-huh! It's a chuck wagon. Might have known there would be Scouts in it. Move over fellows!

SPEAKERS: Mr. Walter W. Head, President of the Boy Scouts of America and the Chief Scout Executive, spoke briefly.

Copyrighted material



NEW IN THE NEWS

1. SWIMMING SENSATION: Otto Jaretz of Chicago is seen setting a new record of 2:13:1 for the 220 yard free style swim at the National A.A.U. Meet, Santa Barbara, Calif.

2. INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMP: Winner of the Intercollegiate Tennis Title from Joseph R. Hunt of the U. S. Naval Academy is Don McNeill of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

3. SAILS FOR GRAND BANKS: 18 yr. old Mike Cestro won a fish cooking contest, sponsored by the Fishery Council for members of the Boys' Club of New York City, and was awarded a cruise on a fishing boat.

4. GOOD SPORT: Salvadore Ruffino, a 13 yr. old New York City boy, has been awarded, by the Children's Aid Society, the George Lane Nichols Award for outstanding sportsmanship.

5. WIN AND LOSE: Two California boys met in the final round of the National Interscholastic Tennis Championship, won by Robert Carrothers (left) from Earl Cochell (right).

6. SOAP BOX SPEEDSTER: 13 yr. old George Bach Jr. won the 6th Annual Philadelphia, Penna., Soap Box Derby and will compete at Akron, Ohio, in the All-American finals.

7. NATIONAL CHAMPION: At the New York World's Fair, Douglas Opperman, age 14 of Pittsburgh, Penna., won the Marble Championship of America.

8. SON GETS WINGS: General R. C. Richardson Jr., U. S. Army, pins pilot wings on his son, Lieutenant R. C. Richardson III, during graduation exercises at Kelly Field.

9. SUPER-BOY: A contest at the New York World's Fair to select the Super-Boy of America saw 15 yr. old William Aronis win the title.

Copyrighted material

A PAGE BY DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner

EATS

"COME a-runnin', or I'll throw it away!" "Gather of it every man, according to his eating," for something tells me that anything and everything that tastes good and is digestible IS FOOD!

Captain John Smith, whom the winsome Pocahontas did so much to popularize, feasted on the monstrous sting ray that wounded him.

Yes, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and meat by any other name is good to eat. If the dictionary should meanly and wickedly call a cold, luscious watermelon "The Witch's Nest Egg," the melon would not mind and would be as refreshingly delicious as ever.

If a cold oyster on the half shell should be dubbed "The Frozen Eye of the Fish God of the Siwash," what would the oyster care? Nicknames cannot spoil the oyster's just pride in its toothsome qualities nor hurt the shellfish's faith in its own food value. As for the vitamins in the oyster! Shucks! No name can spoil their happiness; the name they have does not sound too alluring, so why should they shy at names? What's wrong with tenderloin of rattlesnake anyway?

E'en though food is thought to be as scarce as dictators in heaven, we may be really trampling manna under foot, thinking it weeds and toad stools. In one of my numerous dictionaries, the definition of manna is "hidden wisdom." Every outdoor boy and man knows that we are surrounded by hidden wisdom. Every plant, every tree, every blade of grass tells us so, and who can say that the natural food everywhere around us is not the manna spoken of in the Good Book.

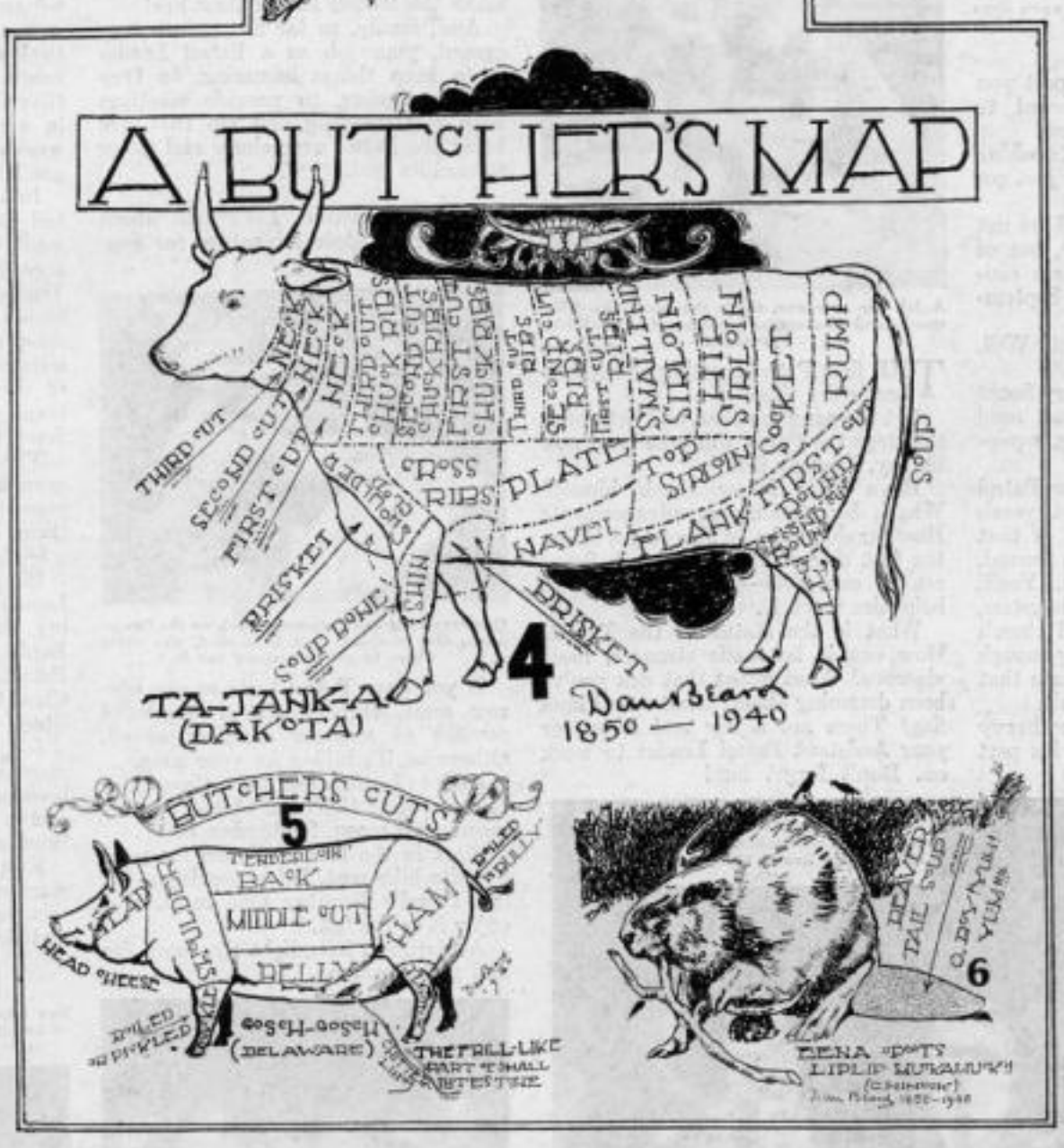
My dear old friend, Dr. Robert Morris, famous surgeon and wilderness man, landed in Labrador during a so-called famine, and he promptly gave all of his flour, meal, and civilized provisions to the starving natives who, he declared, grew so blamed thin that their shadows were blown away by the wind. But the Doctor himself grew fat on the food Nature provided. He made broth out of the dark, scabby lichen growing on rocks. He ate various plants and shellfish and made soup of the lobster livers the canning factories threw away. Mrs. Beard and I both sampled the lobster liver soup and found it delicious.

Yet, the son of a famous writer starved to death in the same land, due to ignorance of the eatable things surrounding him. I myself heard four or five wilderness men offer to wager that they could go over the same trail, take no provisions with them, and live well on the food from the table Nature spreads for the knowing ones.

All of this is leading up to the necessity for Scouts, and Scout Leaders, to make a thorough and careful study of foodcraft, that they may gain the hidden wisdom of lah-pah, our brothers, the trees; of kin-so, our kinsmen, the grasses; of loo-poo-oi-yes, our brothers, the rocks; and understand the talking waters.

Then we will not go in mass formation with mechanized implements to kill rattlesnakes, or hunt milkweed, skunk cabbage, yellow dock weed, lamb's quarter, pussley, dandelions, various flag roots, or sheep's sorrel. But each individual boy and man must know how to keep his own larder supplied even though Nature has not advertised her hot dog stands.

To prepare the wild plants for food, cook them the same as you would spinach or cabbage. First wash them thoroughly and then boil them in salted water. Cook the small sprouts of the common brake fern and pokeweed like asparagus. These must be cut while the sprouts are young and tender, before the leaves develop. When I was a lad in Kentucky, pokeweed sprouts were sold in the markets along with other vegetables. If I remember right, the water in which the pokeweed sprouts were cooked was changed once or twice before the sprouts were ready to serve. By the way, the raw dandelions make a good salad. Try them and find out.



Every country boy eats lots of things that grow in the pasture or by the roadside, which are forgotten by grown men. From Government reports one can find many things that the Indians ate. In fact the subject is so broad that all I can do in an article like this is to start you boys and men on research work so that you may know the mushrooms and other food plants and teach the ignorant people about you their value.

I have eaten fresh-water crawfish (crayfish), shark fins, whale blubber, snakes, alligator tail, all varieties of turtle that we could capture, including even the one known among boys as the "stink pot" but in books more politely termed the musk turtle. I found this small fellow particularly delicious.

After our Scouts and Scouters have made good progress in the study of foodcraft, if starvation threatens the multitude, they can give their own civilized food to the ignorant starving people and, like Dr. Morris, get fat on the manna that's under foot and all around them. That is why I recommended the book, EDIBLE WILD PLANTS, by O. P. Medsger.

TENDERLOIN OR RATTLESNAKE AND ALLIGATOR TAIL, Figs. 2 and 3, are both tasty and wholesome foods. To catch a rattlesnake, use a snake stick, which has a stubby fork at one end and is long enough for safety, Fig. 1. Push the fork down over the neck of the snake right behind his ears, so to speak, and force the fork into the ground so that the snake cannot possibly move its head. While the snake is pinned down, cut off its head. Using sticks as tongs, carefully pick up the latter. A dead rattler's fangs are as poisonous as those of the live snake. Beside that, the head does not die for some time after it is cut from the body.

Hoe cake is so called because the Negroes of the deep South formerly cooked it on a hoe. In the open there is most always a stone to be found and you can spread the scalded cornmeal batter over the face of a clean stone, or lacking that, a clean slab split from a log, and cook it in front of the fire by reflected heat, just as a hoe cake is cooked. This is called stone pone. Never throw a wet stone in the fire because it may explode with disastrous results.

Where the dugout canoes glide silently through the gloom of the cypress swamps, sending immense, black, soft-shelled turtles slithering into the dark water; where the gray Spanish moss hangs in long festoons, and strange orchids and weird air plants flourish on the branches overhead; in the deep South, in the land of hoodoo and voodoo, the natives make a bully mess called court-bouillon. This is made of fish and rattlesnake meat with a sauce of finely chopped onions and garlic, parsley and spices. In the backwoods of Pennsylvania, where I learned to eat tenderloin of rattlesnake, they made a dish called katouchie. This was also fish with a savory mixture of herbs and rattlesnake meat.

Personally, I would advise no one to boil snake meat. Maybe we did not do it properly, but after we had boiled it, it had a gummy, sweetish, disagreeable taste. When fried in hot bacon grease, however, it is really such a delicacy (To page 42)

Copyrighted material

HIKING
WITH GREEN BAR BILL

Now's the time to plan. Get together with the Patrol, make great plans and decide upon steps for reaching them.

WELL, gang, I expect you are looking forward to summer camp now!

"You mean 'Looking backward,' Green Bar Bill! We just got home from camp!"

I mean nothing of the kind. I am not talking of summer camp 1940, but of 1941! As far as real Patrols are concerned, summer camp begins in September!

Sounds like a rash statement? Well, here's how:

To get the whole Patrol, every Scout in it, to camp next year, you need preparation, you need training, equipment, enthusiasm.

If you plan the work in your Patrol now, looking forward to next year's big experience, you'll have all of that by the time next summer rolls around. Yes, you'll have much more. You'll have a Patrol of determined youngsters, bent on a common goal. And there's nothing like a common goal big enough to be worth working for to create that all-desirable thing: Patrol Spirit.

So let's buckle down to some heavy planning. Let every fellow do his part to reach the Patrol goal.

A job for everyone, that's the idea. The Hikemaster and Grubmaster together plan the hiking program.

THE first Patrol meeting of September is the time!

Get the gang together, and determine the steps the Patrol will take from now to, say, January first.

Have each fellow check himself. What's his standing in advancement? How far should he be able to get before the first day of 1941? Let each Scout set his own goal—the rest of you to help him reach it.

What is the status of the Patrol? How can it be made stronger, more vigorous? What about that den you've been dreaming about? That new Patrol flag? There are a few real items for your Assistant Patrol Leader to work on. Don't forget him!

What about Patrol equipment for hiking and camping, from tents and cooking equipment to compass and signal flags? Do you want to make most of your own stuff? That's where the Patrol Quartermaster will have some hustling to do, getting together designs and learning the art of good old Omar Khayam, the tentmaker. (How's that for a monicker for your PQM?)

Do you have to earn money to get equipment and material for making it? The Patrol Treasurer is the fellow who should be figuring out ways and means.

What about really getting that Patrol Log Book under way? Get going, Patrol Scribe! And we need a few songs, yells, stunts! To work, Mr. Cheermaster!

And then there's the hiking and camping program to be lined up. A very important point here: Set the dates for your hikes and camps for the next four months NOW—one each month, at least. It takes definite dates to keep the fellows on their toes. Then have the Hikemaster find appropriate hike routes and camp spots, and the Grubmaster work out menus that will make the fellows smack their lips!

And, finally, as far as you are concerned, your job as a Patrol Leader is to keep things humming, to keep everyone going, to provide meetings with real meaning and zip that will bring the Patrol ever closer and closer toward its goal!

LET'S be specific. Let's talk about your out-door adventure for September.

Quartermaster and Treasurer check on the Equipment. One decides what is needed, the other where to get the money for it.

If you have Patrol tents or can borrow some, there're still a couple of months of summer camping ahead. Otherwise, it's hiking for your gang.

And, to be different, try a *Camp Fire Hike*, around the time of the harvest moon (full moon, September 16th).

Start in the late afternoon for your favorite hike spot. Bring provisions for the Patrol's Number One meal, and enjoy it to the full.

As darkness falls, light the camp fire and gather around.

I have been at hundreds and hundreds of camp fires—at big ones at World Jamborees, at the fires of my own and other Troops and Councils. But when I think back, the Patrol camp fires with the old gang still have the greatest magic.

To sit there with true friends, singing the Patrol's favorite songs—the old soft tunes, the funny ones you learned in summer camp. To play stunt games. To hear stories told. But most of all, just to chat with pals of common interests, common ideals, to talk about the incidents of school and Troop and home, to laugh when the mood is for laughing, to sit quietly dreaming, as the red flames fall into glowing embers. There's joy—the kind that's deep and lasting.

Then send your thoughts traveling to Brother Scouts around the world, Scouts in lands where camp fires burn no longer. Where blackouts reign, no fires must pierce the night, no flashlights flicker.

SEPTEMBER is the time for getting new blood into the old Patrol. As sure as anything, there are a couple of twelve-year olds who are longing their hearts out to join a gang like yours. Give them the chance to become Scouts in a real Patrol. You'll help them to some of their finest boyhood hours, and you'll help the Patrol!

Invite them to a meeting. Make them feel at home. Provide fun and excitement. Go out of your way to give them a good time! Help them to master their Tenderfoot Requirements. Let Joe, who knows his knots like nobody's business, show off his skill. Let historically interested Charlie teach them the history of our glorious Flag. Sit down with them yourself to tell them about the Scout Oath and Law.

Then give them a good stiff Patrol examination, before sending them to your Scoutmaster for his talk with them, and for the greatest moment in a boy's life—his investiture as a Scout!

But don't stop here, as many Patrol Leaders do. Keep the new fellows going. Push them along if you have to. Explain to them the ideals of your Patrol, get them through the Second Class Requirements as speedily as possible.

It's the fellow who steps ahead in Scouting who stays the longest, who becomes the greatest asset to his Patrol, and who get's the most fun out of Scouting for himself.

Keep everlastingly at it! Set your standards of advancement high! Make this your Patrol Slogan: "First Class and Better by the End of 1940!"

(*Concluded on page 42*)

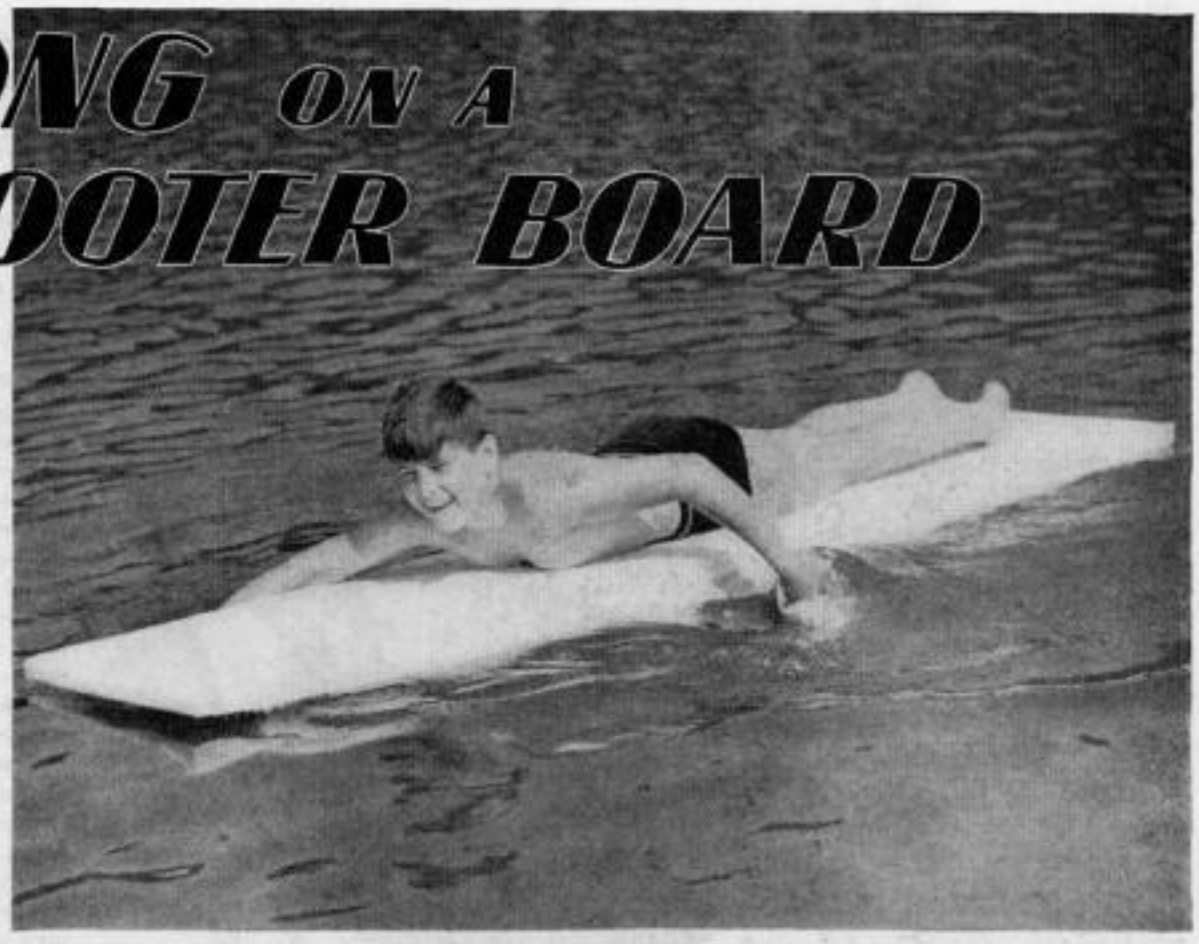
The Camp Fire Hike is the outdoor adventure for September. There's nothing like a camp fire to tie the fellows together.

Sing the old songs, learn new ones. Keep the Cheermaster forever busy digging up songs, stunts, yells.

You hike home through the dark of the night or under the light of moon. Either way is excitement and fun.

Copyrighted material

SCOOT ALONG ON A SCOOTER BOARD



IT'S hard to imagine a piece of handicraft more ideal than a Scooter Board! It is exciting to see it take shape under your hands. And when it is finished, there are hours and hours of enjoyment ahead, as you go "scooting" on lake or in ocean surf—lying, sitting, or even standing on the board!

The material needed consists of: Two side planks ½" x 5" x 8'; cross boards cut from a board ½" x 6" x 4' 9"; a piece of wood 1¾" x 1¼" x 3'; 21 strips of wood ¼" x 1⅛"—eight 8' long, six 8' ½", seven 22"; 96¾" and 24 1¼" No. 8 flat-head brass screws; ¼ lb. copper tacks; 3 yards 10 oz. duck, 54" wide (or 60", if you can't get 54"); linseed oil; white out-door paint.

Good Scooting to you!

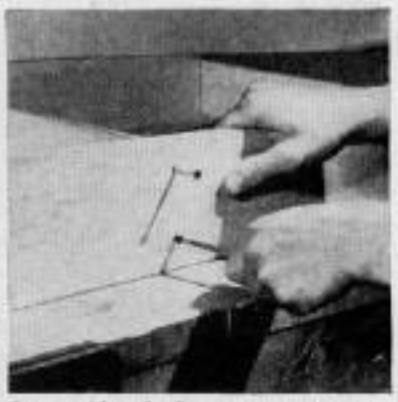
(For dimensions and working drawings, drop a note with a three cent stamp to Green Bar Bill, c/o BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

Draw line across middle of one side board. Draw other cross lines 10" and 29" on either side of this line. From the straight top, mark off on middle line 5", on the others 4½" and 3¼", and at ends 1½". Connect marks with smooth curve.

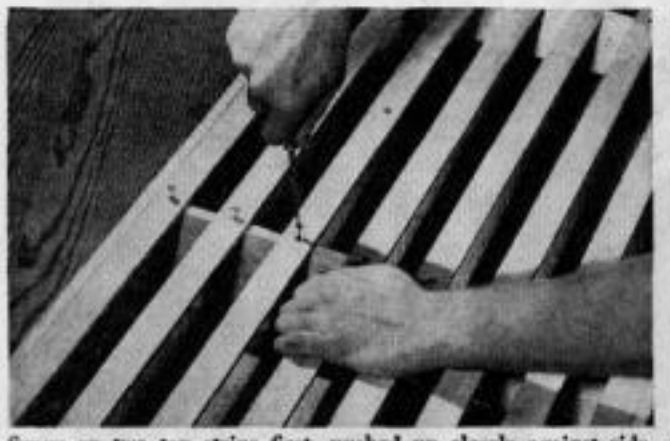
"Deck" and bottom strips are ¼" thick, 1⅛" wide. You need eight 8' and seven 22" for the deck, six 8' ½" for bottom. You can buy them already cut and planed. You'll save money by cutting them yourself from board, 1¼" thick.

Each end is provided with a heavier reenforcement cross piece. These two pieces are 1¾" wide, 18" long. They taper in thickness from 1¼" at one side to 1" at the other. When screwed on, the 1" side is flush with ends of the side planks.

Six ½" thick cross boards are needed: Two end pieces, ½" x 1½" x 19"; two pieces ½" x 2¾" x 18"; two pieces ½" x 4½" x 18". They can be cut from a piece approximately ½" x 6" x 4' 9", although other pieces of ½" board will do the trick.



Screw side planks onto cross pieces with 1¼" No. 8 flat-head brass screws. Bore holes carefully first with a bit, countersink, then put in the screws. Attach all cross pieces so that there will be ¼" free at top and bottom of the side planks.



Screw on two top strips first, pushed up closely against side planks. Put a screw into each cross piece. Space the other six top strips evenly between first two. Use ¾" No. 8 flat-head brass screws. Screw on six bottom strips in like manner.

Screw the short reenforcement strips onto the top, between the long top strips, to form surface for standing and sitting. Attach the 19" end cross pieces at either end of the board. Round all edges and corners. The wooden frame is done!

Cut piece of canvas for bottom, 8' 9" by 28". Place frame on it, bottom down. Bring one end of canvas 2" up on top of frame. Fasten with copper tacks. With someone helping, stretch canvas taut. Tack it to other end with 2" overlap.

Starting in middle, pull one side of canvas taut. Tack along top edge of side panel. Tack in same manner on other side. Here, too, you'll need help for stretching. Cut off surplus canvas so that about one inch remains along the top.

Cut a piece of canvas for top, 8' 5" by 23". Fold in 1" at one end. Tack onto end board, 1" down from top edge. Stretch taut, make 1" fold, tack to other end board. Starting from middle, stretch, and tack canvas to side panels.

After canvas has been put on, paint it thoroughly with linseed oil. Let it dry about 24 hours. Then cover with two coats of white out-door paint. The first coat should be completely dry before you put on the second coat. The job is finished!

Copyrighted material

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

Edited by **Franklin K. Mathiews,** *Chief Scout Librarian*

BOYS who delight in dangerous adventure will not be disappointed in THE SEA HAWK (Warner Bros.). The time is the year 1585, and the scene is England under Queen Elizabeth threatened by the Armada of the aspiring world conqueror, King Philip of Spain. Alas! England's navy was small. However, renowned English sea fighters (privateers or sea hawks, they called them) supplemented the navy in time of war. Meanwhile, they preyed upon Spanish commerce to acquire booty for their country's inadequate treasury. The most feared of the privateers, Francis Thorpe (Errol Flynn), the dashing, aggressive, commander of the *Albatross* is featured (1) in *The Sea Hawk.*

The enthralling movie opens with an attack upon a Spanish galleon. The action is most realistic (2). After a terrific battle victory comes to Captain Thorpe who reaps a rich reward in the way of priceless treasure, jewels, and silver and gold, to help meet the desperate need of the Queen's navy (3). With equal delight, Captain Thorpe frees his countrymen who have been impressed by their enemy as "galley slaves" to row the captured Spanish galleon (4). Continuing, the spectacular portrayal moves swiftly from scene to scene. Fact and fiction are nicely blended; enough of each to give color and substance to the thrilling drama.

The hero of the tale though, is not always the victor. This sudden turn of the story, makes it the more alluring. Captain Thorpe develops a plan to salvage gold from the Spaniards in Panama. After terrible experiences he is captured. Taken before a Spanish court he and his companions are sentenced to an indefinite term of service as galley slaves. To the same ship, latterly, a captured English spy is condemned to the same servitude. Captain Thorpe is startled (5) when the spy tells him the papers he intended to steal are aboard and that they contain proof that King Philip plans to have the armada attack England very shortly.

By a clever device the Captain frees himself and the other galley slaves who, under his leadership, seize the ship and sail back to London. There he is set upon (6) by the guard of the Spanish minister. But again he escapes. Finally, gaining admission to Queen Elizabeth, he delivers the Spanish document exposing King Philip's plans to attack England. In the last scene (7) we see our conquering hero knighted for his loyal service. So ends a grand drama, played by all after the grand manner; notably, by Errol Flynn who acts like one long accustomed to so grand a part. *(To page 41)*

Copyrighted material

1. WE WERE FIGHTING A GRASS FIRE that threatened our camp. Suddenly, without warning, a backdraft enveloped me in a sea of flame. In a moment, my face was one blister of agony. Blinded, I staggered deeper into danger. I thought I was a goner.

2. THEN CLIFF CAUGHT ME UP—carried me to safety. "Steady," he said, "I've a first aid kit right here!" I felt the cooling touch of some sharp-smelling ointment on my eyelids. Later, at the doctor's, we learned that I might have lost my sight, but for Cliff's action.

3. WHEN WE ADMIRED that handy first aid outfit, Cliff said: "Gee, fellows, it's easy to get one like that! Just drink COCOMALT for energy, like my Troop does . . . save the thin aluminum seals. You can get *any* item of Official Scout Equipment!

4. "ASK YOUR SCOUT LEADER to get free copies of the Key to Equipment Catalogue if he hasn't already. It describes the COCOMALT PLAN . . . lists all items . . . tells how many seals are required for each. Every Scout in your Troop needs a copy!"

HERE ARE JUST 4 OF THE HUNDREDS OF OFFICIAL SCOUT ITEMS LISTED IN THE KEY TO EQUIPMENT CATALOGUE!

Ask your Scout Leader to get free copies of this booklet for all members of your Troop immediately. Tell him to write R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.

No. 1100 Official First Aid Kit Johnson & Johnson, 27 units — No. 1548 Official First Aid Kit Bauer & Black, 27 units — No. 1556 Snake Bite Outfit, 54 units — No. 3011 First Aid Textbook, 22 units

5. FOR A THRILL TO REMEMBER—drink swell-tasting COCOMALT! It's an energy-giving FOOD DRINK! COCOMALT contains vitamins A, B_1, and D, and calcium and phosphorus, the minerals vitamin D uses to build husky bodies . . . strong teeth and bones. Also contains iron for the blood. Drink it in hot or cold milk, three times a day. Get COCOMALT at your grocery or drug store. Start saving seals *today!*

Energy by the glassful

Copyrighted material

HOME, HOME IN THE WAVES

Keeping Physically Fit

by **C. Ward Crampton, M. D.**

Home, home in the waves,
Where the Bullkins and Flipperzips play,
Where seldom is heard
The Glubbaloo bird,
And the sliktoughs are happy and gay.

Home, home, indeed, on the water, in the water and under the water.

When the canoe turns over and you are dumped into the briny deep, why! you are just as much at home as you are on dry land, up in a tree-top over the landscape, or sitting down to breakfast. Citizen of all the world, any time, anywhere, like Kim, Mowgli and Uncle Dan, because you know where you are and what you can do about it. Tested strength and vigor. Ripping-dripping; skill-thrill. Be a regular water sport with the under-water world for your playground.

Zowie, let's go! There's a lot to it. Here are some inside essentials. Get those and you are set for anything; fit for a fight or a frolic.

MUSCLE is good, brains are better, but self-control is the maker of champions. You need control and self-control most up in the air and down in the water. That's what makes man the master. Here are the four most essential factors:—

1) *Wet Face*

If you splash cold water on a baby's face, it will gasp, close its eyes, wrinkle up its face and howl. It is afraid. This is natural. It is Nature's fear reaction to danger, and quick water on the face usually means danger—but not to you. You must overcome this subconscious "wet face fear" and put it far away and behind you by practice. Begin by getting a bowl half full of water or a lake full of water, take a breath, put your face in it, wuzzle it around. Then open your eyes, breathe out and take out your face.

Practice! Practice! Practice!

2) *Eye Opener*

It takes kittens six days to get their eyes open. It shouldn't take you six minutes to get accustomed to opening your eyes under-water. If you are going to be a fish, don't be a blind fish like the fish in the Mammoth Cave. Opening your eyes under-water opens an entirely new world and it is a lot of fun. You can look for things, and find them too . . . diving after clam shells or coins as the native boys do when the steamers come into tropic ports.

Karl Schneck, the aquatic coach at Scout Camp Manhattan, Ten Mile River, New York, has a clever game. He collects old rubber heels, putting a number on each up to twenty-four and then throwing them into the water all at once. The boy who gets the highest score wins and he has to keep his eyes open to pick the big numbers.

In looking for lost articles, you can use the Eye Bubble Trick for keen, clear vision, as follows: When you go under, take in an extra supply of air in the chest. When you get to the bottom and wish to look around, make a roof over the eyes with your two hands so that it will catch from the mouth a big bubble of air that you have brought down for the purpose. You look through the bubble into the water and you can see things in focus and with astonishing clearness. This is worth knowing.

3) *Breathing*

A wet faced baby takes a gasping breath when suddenly splashed. This gasp is the first thing that all of us do when we are startled by anything. There is a good reason. You take a good lungful of air to start defense action to sudden danger. We use this principle in athletics. We take a full breath and set the chest before we pitch a ball, aim a blow, start a sprint or jump high or broad. You, however, take a full, deep breath *before* you put your face in the water, not afterwards. In water work your breathing must be calculated and systematically controlled. It is the big essential to speed, in the crawl stroke especially. Overcoming "face fear" with face submersion and breathing drills is the first thing that young swimmers learn and they must learn it thoroughly.

Fear disorganizes. It paralyzes. It panics and stampedes. It returns us back to babyhood, to the time when we closed our eyes, thrashed our arms and legs and howled.

Train your face to get wet. Organize your breathing and it will help to teach your backbone not to quiver.

4) *Buoyancy and the Swim Hike*

Half of you can learn to swim almost as many hours as you can walk. When you learn how, it seems far less effort to swim hike than the walk hike and climb hike, and a water hike is something to look forward to. I used to explore the shores of Sebago Lake, Maine, from the water, in the water and under the water. I got better acquainted with the loon, kingfisher, sandpiper, herons, muskrat, mink, and especially bass. I found a spot in Kettle Cover that was so popular with bass that they almost needed a traffic cop—and I profited by my discovery. No one else knew. Then there were water hikes around the sandy shores and ripping, racing tides about Woods Holl and the Elizabeth Islands.

Adventure? Yes, but on a background of well-learned essentials. First, you must learn to rest, loaf and take your ease. Nothing is so luxurious and comforting as when you have a sense of support and let the water do the work. Second, you must keep your wits about you.

I recall once upon a time swimming in the Hudson River at 155th Street. I was so absorbed in floating and looking up at the splendid sky full of sunset-golden clouds that when the sun set over the Palisades I was down the River a mile and a half with a Fort Lee ferry boat tooting at me indignantly. I had to walk back, which wore out my feet and taught me a lesson not to sleep on the waves, especially with ferryboats fussing around. But I did obey the first rule of the water hike which is, "Keep along shore." I had already learned that lesson the hard way—which is another story.

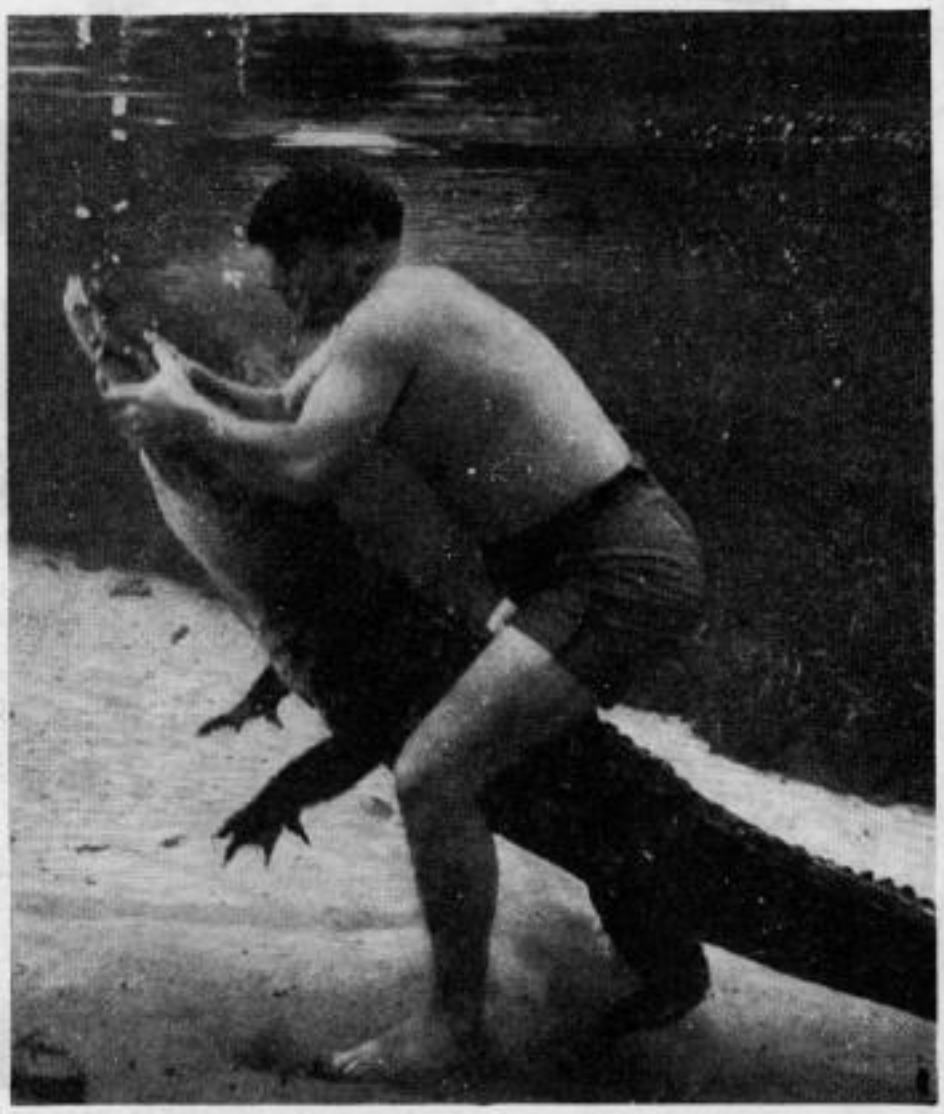
The secret of the water hike is not to waste effort in supporting yourself in the water. You let the water hold up your body. *You don't have to work when the water works!*

This introduces the extremely interesting, practical and scientific subject of body buoyancy.

5) *Buoyancy*

A stick of wood will float on the water because its specific gravity is less than water. In other words, it weighs less than the bulk of water which it displaces. So does an iron ship, with all its cargo, passengers, engines and equipment. It is lighter, bulk for bulk, than the water it displaces and so it floats. So do you. Some wood, like well dried poplar and especially balsa (out of which we make model airplanes) will float very high because it weighs very much less than water. Other kinds of wood weigh more than water and will sink, lignum vitae for example. (*To page 42*)

UNDER WATER



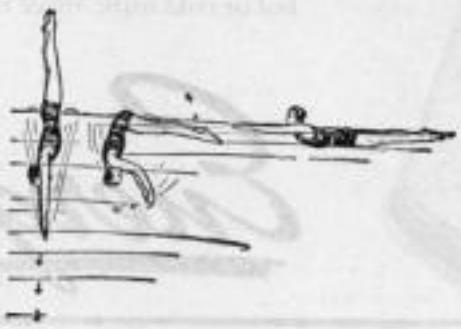
HOME!!! In case you should find an alligator in your under-water home when you look around, here is the way Ross Allen, an old-time Boy Scout, manages it. Notice his complete mastery of the two hundred pound alligator, his good strong grip on the terrific tooth-sprinkled jaws.

In case you wish to get the details, just drop in at Silver Springs, Florida, sometime and watch the old-time Boy Scout give lessons in under-water work to the alligators.

Stand on bottom. Chin stretched high. Take deep breath. Slowly raise feet. You are afloat!

Chin high, eyes almost submerged. Breathe out quickly and in even quicker through mouth.

Everyone should learn to dive in the water in three breathings. It's an under-water job. Don't try to stay on top all the time. Come up for air whenever you need it. Take two or three full breaths at each breathing stop. Start with a full chest. At first it may take two breathing stops to get off one shoe. You do better as you develop a routine.



This is the snappy way to get down under. Keep legs straight and together, toes nicely pointed. Get your head well down by bending hard at the waist and anchor your body with a strong arm stroke so you can get your legs up straight as proper and down you go slick! It will help you if you practice toe touching on dry land. Begin if you like with pulling the knees in to chest ("Tuck" method) before you shoot the legs up. Surface diving is essential in life saving and all under-water work. Learn it well. Then learn forward and backward somersaults.

Under-water approach and turn

Dr. Crampton will answer your questions on athletic training. Write him!

Copyrighted material

★ ANNOUNCING ★

48 STATE WINNERS

of the Ford Good Drivers League Nation-wide Driving Contest

★ ★

GOOD NEWS for 48 boys from every State in the Union! And congratulations to thousands of boys across America who did such a bang-up job of competing! Picking the winners was far from easy. Out of the great number of entrants, however, the Board of Judges unanimously agreed upon the following as Champion State Drivers. (The second name, in each case, is the runner-up. Congratulations to these boys too!)

ALABAMA
GROVER MURCHISON, JR., Montgomery
Ray Munsey McGlathery, Jr. . . *Decatur*

ARIZONA
JIMMIE HYMER . . . . . Phoenix
Kenneth Smith . . . . . *Winslow*

ARKANSAS
ROGER LENGNICK . North Little Rock
William Sibley . . . . . *Little Rock*

CALIFORNIA
PAUL H. CHAMBERLAIN . . . Auburn
Allen Goodfellow . . . . . *Burbank*

COLORADO
DUANE BOTTS . . . . . Longmont
Henry A. Winter, Jr . . . . . *Denver*

CONNECTICUT
DAVID KOBICK . . . . . Westport
Ernest Meister . . . . . *Meriden*

DELAWARE
CORNELIUS J. FLYNN . . . Wilmington
Edmund McKnight . . . . *Wilmington*

FLORIDA
ROBERT ERNEST HAYES . Fort Pierce
Leo Hughes Wilson, Jr. . . . *Bradenton*

GEORGIA
CARLOS GREENWAY . . . . . Alma
Kirk Noye Nesbit . . . . . *Savannah*

IDAHO
DONALD S. BROWN . . . . . Caldwell
Tommie Uberuaga . . . . . *Emmett*

ILLINOIS
JAMES D. WOOD . . . . . Champaign
Robert Sawyer John, Jr. . . . *Waukegan*

INDIANA
GENE M. KENNARD . . . . Evansville
Byron Doenges . . . . . *Fort Wayne*

IOWA
DONALD S. WILKINS. . . . . Ames
Bill Findley . . . . . *Des Moines*

KANSAS
ROBERT E. IRION . . . . . Axtell
Leroy Teeter . . . . . *McPherson*

KENTUCKY
J. E. NEWTON, JR. . . . . Anchorage
I. K. Miller . . . . . *Campbellsville*

LOUISIANA
LEE ADAMS . . . . . Alexandria
Leroy H. Scott, Jr. . . . . *Shreveport*

MAINE
ALBERT O. WATERMAN . So. Portland
Donald Bryan . . . . . *Orono*

MARYLAND & D. C.
DUNCAN MAC RAE, JR. . . . . Bel Air
Lincoln D. Nelson . . . . . *Salisbury*

MASSACHUSETTS
DONALD B. PHILLIPS . . Wilbraham
John J. Burke . . . *Dorchester (Boston)*

MICHIGAN
GLENN R. MERITHEW . . . . . Detroit
Dan Darling . . . . . *Grand Rapids*

MINNESOTA
EDWARD I. VAN HOUSEN . . St. Paul
James A. Cosgriff, Jr. . . . . . *Olivia*

MISSISSIPPI
LOUIE L. BROWN . . . . . Hattiesburg
Frank Shanahan, Jr. . . . . . *Vicksburg*

MISSOURI
JAMES W. COLMEY . . Webster Groves
Verne Chaney, Jr. . . . . . *Kansas City*

MONTANA
DANIEL W. STEBBINS . . . . . Helena
Hilmen Lund . . . . . *Scobey*

NEBRASKA
JACK FRANCISCO . . . . . Royal
Robert Luebs . . . . . *Lincoln*

NEVADA
JOHN GAMBLE . . . . . Hazen
John Raymond Gent . . . . . *Reno*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
EUGENE BRUNELLE, JR.. Somersworth
Leslie Erb . . . . . *Hudson*

NEW JERSEY
ROGER R. EVANS . . . . . Plainfield
Lawrence Dean, Jr. . . . . . *Maplewood*

NEW MEXICO
JESSE F. GOBLE, JR. . . . . Silver City
David Moir . . . . . *Albuquerque*

NEW YORK
WILBUR GEORGE AVERY . . . Tivoli
Milton S. Ashcraft . . *Elmira Heights*

NORTH CAROLINA
THELBERT BOYKIN . . . . . Bailey
James J. Ellis . . . . . *Stantonsburg*

NORTH DAKOTA
DON SVENKESON . . . . N. W. Minot
Robert Lander . . . . . *Grand Forks*

OHIO
ROBERT BYRON MORRIS . Westerville
Jack A. Flanagan . . . . . *Cleveland*

OKLAHOMA
HOWARD ED. KASTING . . . Oakhurst
Herbert Coles . . . . . *Muskogee*

OREGON
RAY GAULKE . . . . . Coquille
Lowell Hadley . . . . . *Albany*

PENNSYLVANIA
EDWARD K. ATKINSON . Wrightstown
Joseph Francis Sheehan . . *Landenberg*

RHODE ISLAND
JOHN T. FALLON, JR. . East Providence
Francis Feeney, Jr. . . . . . *Providence*

SOUTH CAROLINA
CHARLES H. CUSHMAN, JR. Charleston
J. W. Reel, Jr. . . . . . *Edgefield*

SOUTH DAKOTA
JIM CONWAY . . . . . Sioux Falls
Frank C. Boerger . . . *South Milbank*

TENNESSEE
DONALD CURTON . . . . . Evensville
Ralph E. Dippell . . . . . *Memphis*

TEXAS
CLARK DOUGLAS . . . . . Cleburne
Tuston E. Stugard . . . . . *San Juan*

UTAH
L. J. NUTTALL . . . . . Salt Lake City
Lee Pratt . . . . . *Salt Lake City*

VERMONT
ROBERT F. GLADDING . . . Montpelier
Nelson Albert Jenkins, Jr. . . . . *Barre*

VIRGINIA
JAMES WATSON . . . . . Lynchburg
Wallace Forlines . . . . . *Virgilina*

WASHINGTON
JOE GILBERT . . . . . Eastsound
John Sonneland . . . . . *Bellingham*

WEST VIRGINIA
LEAR ROYAL ROBERTS . Mannington
Bob Amos . . . . . *New Martinsville*

WISCONSIN
JAMES C. ADAMS. . . . . Grantsburg
Robert A. Paske . . . . . *Wauwatosa*

WYOMING
WALTER H. GATES. . . . . Torrington
Earl J Wood . . . . . *Evanston*

EACH State Champion, and a sponsor of his own choosing, will go to New York City as the guest of the Ford Good Drivers League, and compete for the title of Champion High-school-age Driver of America. Finals will be held the week of August 26. An exciting list of activities has been planned for the contestants, including a Victory Banquet, and visits to the World's Fair and a big league baseball game. The nation-wide winner will be announced in this magazine next month.

FORD GOOD DRIVERS LEAGUE DEARBORN MICHIGAN

Be sure to give your name and address when writing advertisers

Copyrighted material

SCOUTS! EARN YOUR OFFICIAL UNIFORM QUICKLY AND EASILY WITH THIS NEW "Free-Gift" COUPON PLAN!

MANY OTHER OFFICIAL SUPPLIES ALSO FREE FOR COUPONS FROM WIDELY USED GROCERY PRODUCTS!

Here's the plan thrifty Scouts have been waiting for—the quickest, easiest plan ever developed to earn Scouting Equipment at NO COST!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS: Just ask your mother, relatives and friends to use Borden's Premium Milks, Octagon Soap Products, Ballard's Obelisk Flour and Luzianne Coffee and Tea, and give you the valuable coupons that come with each and every package.

YOU'LL BE AMAZED how quickly coupons pile up! Remember, these are all products that are used daily in almost every home, and the coupons from *all* of them count toward your equipment. You can save coupons from just one or as many as you wish.

NO CASH IS REQUIRED! When you have enough coupons, just mail them in and specify the item you want to Bill Dare, Premium Dept., P. O. Box 470, Jersey City, N. J. Your equipment will be sent you WITHOUT COST!

FREE! Folder showing 47 pieces of Official Equipment and other grand gifts you can get FREE for coupons. Send for your copy today!

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT SUPPLIES YOU CAN GET WITHOUT COST!

OFFICIAL UNIFORM:

OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT HAT—Order by head size—No. S503—575 coupons.

BOY SCOUT NECKERCHIEF—Order by name and color—180 coupons.

OFFICIAL NECKERCHIEF SLIDE—Order by name and color—35 coupons.

MEDIUM WEIGHT COTTON SHIRT—Order by neck size—No. S648—475 coupons.

OUTDOOR SERVICE SHIRT—Order by neck size—No. S687—375 coupons.

OFFICIAL WEB BELT—Give loose waist measurements in inches. No. S529—150 coupons.

COTTON BREECHES—Order by waist, seat and inseam sizes—No. S651—575 coupons.

COTTON SHORTS—Order by waist size—No. S511—450 coupons.

OUTDOOR SERVICE SHORTS—Order by waist size—No. S688—325 coupons.

OFFICIAL COTTON STOCKINGS—Sizes 8½ to 13—No. S528—150 coupons.

OTHER OFFICIAL EQUIPMENT:

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK FOR BOYS—No. S3100—150 coupons.

OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT KNIFE—No. S1496—300 coupons.

OFFICIAL FLASHLIGHT—No. S1295—160 coupons.

OFFICIAL "JUNIOR" CANTEEN—No. S1219—300 coupons.

OFFICIAL HIKE BAG—No. S1225—400 coupons.

NOTE CAREFULLY—all parts of the Official Scout Uniform are restricted by the National Office to registered Boy Scouts. When ordering any article listed above be sure to state the number of the Troop to which you belong and the name of your Scoutmaster.

SAVE COUPONS FOR TROOP EQUIPMENT, TOO!

ATTENTION, SCOUTMASTERS!

Under this new plan your whole Troop may combine their coupons to get Official Troop or other equipment you need for camp or meeting room. Send blank below for free folder.

HANDY ORDER BLANK

Check here if you want a free copy of Scout Equipment folder: ☐ BL 9-40

Bill Dare, Premium Department
P. O. Box 470, Jersey City, N. J.

I am enclosing ..... coupons for which please send me:

Item	*Size*	*Number*

Name _____
(Please print name and address clearly)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Troop No. _____ Scoutmaster _____

ASK YOUR MOTHER, YOUR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS TO GIVE YOU THE "FREE-GIFT" COUPONS THEY GET WHEN THEY USE ANY OF THESE PRODUCTS. SAVE THIS LIST!

BORDEN'S PREMIUM MILKS	Coupon Value
Silver Cow Evaporated Milk—tall	1
Silver Cow Evaporated Milk—small	½
Pearl Evaporated Milk—tall	1
Pearl Evaporated Milk—small	½
Magnolia Condensed Milk	1
Star Condensed Milk	1
Standard Condensed Milk	1
Darling Condensed Milk	1
Challenge Condensed Milk	1
Leader Condensed Milk	1
Penninsular Condensed Milk	1

LUZIANNE COFFEE AND TEA (Sold only in the South)	
Luzianne Coffee—1-pound can	3
Luzianne Tea—¼-pound can	2

OCTAGON SOAP PRODUCTS	Coupon Value
Octagon Granulated Soap—large size	2
Octagon Granulated Soap—regular size	1
Octagon Soap Flakes—large size	3
Octagon Soap Flakes—reg. size	1
Octagon Toilet Soap	1
Octagon Laundry Bar—reg. size	1
Octagon Soap Powder—large size	1
Octagon Cleanser	1

BALLARD'S OBELISK FLOUR (Sold only in the South)	
24-pound bag	12
20-pound bag	10
12-pound bag	6
10-pound bag	5
6-pound carton	3
5-pound carton	3
2-pound carton	1

THIS NEW SCOUT EQUIPMENT PLAN IS ENDORSED BY THE NATIONAL OFFICE OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Nature's Police Force

NATURE has her police force as truly as has man. For example, in some parts of North America bed bugs are a very present and annoying pest. In one part of Canada they proved so disagreeable that Prof. V. W. Jackson of the Manitoba Agriculture College began an investigation, hoping to find some means of controlling the pest.

As a result of the search, a scorpion of microscopic size was discovered which, although nameless and tailess seemed to be an able-bodied policeman as far as the beg bug was concerned. It would attach itself to the bug, and quickly destroy it and then hunt another one. Yet it was not at all interested in human beings or would the tiny scorpion attack anything else.

Another creature, long scorned, has joined the police force. It is the toad. The Department of Agriculture estimates that based on its destruction of cut-worms, during the months of May, June and July, when insects take their highest toll, one toad is worth $19.44. This is a low estimate considering the immense damage a cut worm can do. Toads are greedy and although their appetites are insatiable they will touch nothing that is not alive. A moving insect is snapped up as soon as it wanders within reach of their long tongues which are hinged at the front instead of the back. In twenty-four hours a toad eats a quantity of food equal to four times the capacity of its stomach, made up largely of cut worms, gypsy worms and moths, tent caterpillars, army worms, brown-tailed moths, house flies and rose chafrers. One toad, under observation consumed twenty-four medium sized gypsy moth caterpillars in one morning, another ate thirty full grown celery caterpillars in three hours and a third ate eighty-six house flies in ten minutes and a fourth swallowed ninety rose bugs as fast as he could and looked for more.

Anyone who has suffered the annoyance of the flea's skipping, hopping, and biting proclivities will rejoice with the dog world upon knowing that the flea suffers the same inconvenience itself, for it is infested with tiny organisms that attack it in much the same way as a flea infests a dog. The common moth is frequently covered with smaller organisms, tiny pin points, but police which are themselves afflicted with still more minute fleas. A flea, it seems, has fleas.

One of the most remarkable of nature's guardians is a police woman, and she with her uncounted army does great work as the guardian of the orchards. Her official title is ladybug or lady beetle, and her chief duty lies in policing the plant lice and scale that attacks fruit. She saves thousands of dollars worth of plants each year. The trouble is that a plant attacked by lice doesn't scratch itself like a dog. The plant turns up its leaves and dies and then the aphis or plant lice grows wings and flies off in search of another victim. But the lady beetle tends to that for she can eat from one hundred to two hundred aphis a day and has wings to pursue them.

For many years facts about these pests and their enemies have only been intimately known by scientists. There has been no way of photographing these smallest of police because the light needed is so strong that it kills. Lately however, scientists have discovered a "cold" light. By the use of this light the tiniest organisms have been studied and previously unknown facts have become scientific knowledge.

—N. C. Lyndon.

Copyrighted material

Flying Courage

(*Continued from page 5*)

arming mechanism to move close in to its operating position close to the primer and detonator."

"How is this controlled?"

"The arming plunger is mounted on a screw which keeps it clear of the detonator. On the nose of the bomb is mounted a small metal propeller which is kept from rotating by a wire inserted through the shaft. When the pilot wishes to drop a bomb which will actually explode, he throws a switch which will hold the wire. Then, when he drops the bomb, the arming wire will be withdrawn, remaining on the bomb-rack."

"The little propeller is then free to turn?"

"Exactly. The propeller begins to revolve, screwing the plunger mechanism into close contact with the primer. The bomb strikes the ground or sea, the plunger moves forward under the impact, setting off the detonator, which fires the booster charge. The shock of this then explodes the large charge of TNT."

"So the bomb won't be armed until it has fallen well clear of the plane?"

"Correct. Generally it will require about twenty revolutions of the small propeller before the bomb is armed. By that time it should be clear of the plane. If the bomb should strike the plane's propeller as it leaves the plane, it won't explode, which is a very comforting thought to the pilot."

"I'll say it is! But does the prop ever hit a falling bomb?"

"Oh, yes, in dive bombing such as we'll be doing, if the pilot makes his dive too steep, the bomb may well fall directly into the propeller. Many have come back badly bent. Then, too, if the plane is in a skidding dive, the instant the bomb is released from the wing rack, it has been known to slip in under the plane and strike the prop."

"Well, I hope all our good luck charms are working," decided Happy, "as well as the safety devices."

AS BOB walked out on deck the following morning, to inspect the planes he heard footsteps behind him. "Pardon me, Mr. Wakefield, but may I speak with you?"

The aviator turned around to find McQueen. Surprised, he asked, "Anything I can do for you?"

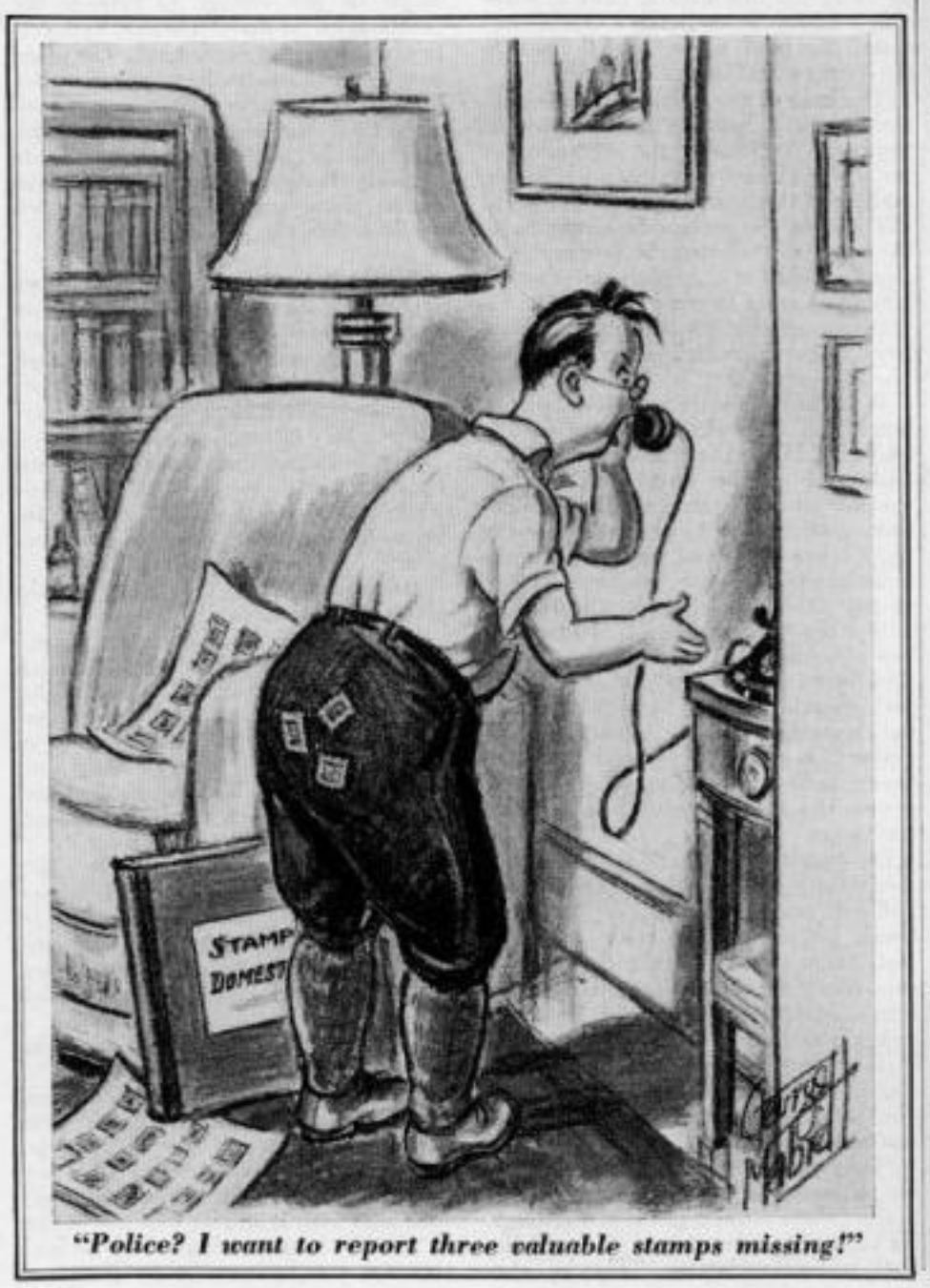
"Yes, sir, I see where you need a seaman in the Aviation Division, and I want the job!"

Bob stared at him in amazement, "Why are you asking for this, McQueen?"

The seaman was shy but he looked the aviator straight in the eye, "Because I figure if I go up and take chances every day with your outfit, I may develop faith in myself."

On first thought it seemed too absurd. A man going into aviation because he was afraid of heights! McQueen, Bob knew, was a good mechanic who knew machinery inside and out. But there were many other boys on the ship who were equally qualified, who would doubtless volunteer. The senior aviator was about to say a decisive "No," when suddenly another thought occurred to him.

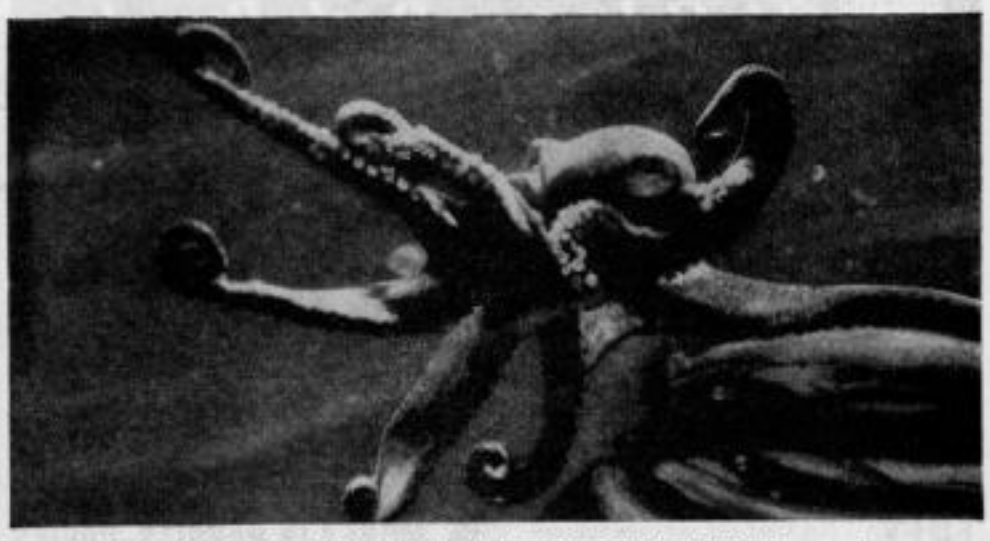
He had realized from the first that it was not Ajax's mechanical ability that would be so hard to replace, but the man himself. He knew from that experience on the day of the ship's firing, that McQueen had hung on to the yardarm long after every nerve in his body must have cried for him to drop. That took stamina. He had admitted that he was afraid of heights and declared now that he



"Police? I want to report three valuable stamps missing!"

RHINO HIDE—TENTACLE GRIP!

BULLETS BOUNCE OFF THE HIDE OF THIS RHINOCEROS! And only the highest powered express rifle with special steel-jacket projectiles can stop his charge! That's *real* toughness inside and out! And that's the kind of toughness you get in the new U. S. Royal Rider Bike Tire with its carcass of Super Tough Rayon Cords and its Super Tempered Rubber Hide!



BUT IN ADDITION TO STRENGTH YOU NEED GRIP! Our engineers found nature's most efficient gripping mechanism in the suction disks on the tentacles of an octopus. So they developed from this principle a new Super Grip Tread with hundreds of sharp gripping edges that grip and hold, keep you steady on curves, stop you quicker on the slipperiest of wet roads!

A THRILLING NEW BIKE TIRE

. . . that's really different

The minute you push off on these new U.S. Royal Rider Bike Tires you'll experience a softer, more flexible, quieter, easier rolling ride! You'll coast farther, get *more* drive with less muscle power! Because *this* new tire is built on the scientific principle of lighter weight and more strength-per-pound! And you'll be amazed at the extra stopping power of that new Super Grip Tread. See this tire at your dealer's today!

THE NEW U. S. ROYAL RIDER
***with* RAYON CORDS**

U. S. BICYCLE TIRES

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BICYCLE TIRES
ARE U. S. TIRES . . . *there's a reason*

United States Rubber Company

Show your interest in this page by writing to the advertiser today

Copyrighted material

YOUR CAR'S A HONEY, DAD, BUT LISTEN TO THIS! ...

W-h-i-z-z! Away you go skimming through the breeze on your Schwinn-Built bike—away to a thousand thrills.

What a bike! You stop on a dime with the Fore Wheel Brake . . . float over bumps with the Spring Fork . . . baffle unwelcome "borrowers" with the Schwinn Cycelock. All of these and a dozen more exclusive features are yours to enjoy in a Schwinn-Built bicycle . . . plus *beauty* and *quality* unequaled anywhere. And it's guaranteed for life with a written guarantee attached to the frame.

Dad knows value. Take him to your dealer's today to see the new Schwinn models. Or write for fully illustrated bike booklet. Address: *Arnold, Schwinn & Co.*, 1721 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago.

"There's always a best—in bicycles it's Schwinn-Built."

Ride **Schwinn-Built Bicycles**

Easy NEW

Improved CONNQUEROR

World's largest manufacturer announces sensational improvement in Band Instruments. New patented VOCABELL revolutionizes tone effects. Easier to play. You'll develop talent fast with these new Conns. Choice of world's greatest artists. See your dealer or write today for FREE BOOK and home trial, easy payment offer. Mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, LTD. 907 CONN BUILDING ELKHART, INDIANA

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

Advertisers Who Have Something to Sell to Our 300,000 Readers

If you are thinking of advertising let us send you free of cost a copy of Milline Copy Channels. This Portfolio is only of interest to actual advertisers. It shows a method of breaking copy down into 7 fundamentals, and of building up under the 50 Appeals listed, etc. It often helps an advertiser greatly to strengthen his message. Kindly state what you have in mind advertising and we will at the same time quote the cost of the space, etc.

BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Ave., New York City

MONEY IN RABBITS—CAVIES

WE BUY and put you in touch with other markets. Catalog and copy of magazine 25c. Or send for the Book Catalog and Price List and Year's Subscription to the AMERICAN SMALL STOCK FARMER. OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., BOX 928, NEW CITY, N. Y.

CANDY

IS DELICIOUS FOOD

ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

Get this 1940 OFFICIAL All-American **FOOTBALL MAP FREE!**

In Full Color!

Endorsed by GRANTLAND RICE!

The finest Football Map in Albert Richard's history . . . brand new 1940 edition, just out! Shows locations, official colors and nicknames of 244 colleges. Identifies conference members, also major "Pro" teams. *New* features—1939 Won-Lost Records of all schools, and the 437 all-time All-Americans! "It's a peach!" says America's football authority, Grantland Rice. Real man-size (26 x 19 inches) work of art to hang in your room for your "gang" to admire.

ALBERT RICHARD leather and wool sport coats are the choice of All-Americans. You'll want one, too! At leading stores everywhere.

Mail Coupon NOW for FREE Copy of Map

ALBERT RICHARD CO., Makers of the Coat of the Stars—Dept. 240, Milwaukee, Wis.

I would like to have a FREE copy of your 1940 Football Map in full color.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

MAIL COUPON NOW!

wanted to conquer his fear. That meant character.

On a sudden hunch, Bob decided to give McQueen a chance. He said, "All right, McQueen. Report to the division, and we'll see what you can do. You might as well learn the hard way. I'll take you out with me this morning for dive bombing." He turned to walk away, then added, "With live bombs."

When he told Happy, his assistant gazed at Bob as if he had suddenly lost his mind. "You mean you picked the lad who got himself stuck out on the yardarm?"

"Yes. He wants a chance to work up in the air for awhile and I'm going to give it to him."

"I think you've gone crazy, Bob. You'll be sorry. Taking on a green seaman to nurse along with your other troubles!"

"Well, maybe I am. But something makes me willing to take a chance on him."

HIGH in the air over the blue tropical sea, Bob turned in wide circles around the anchored raft which served as a target. At a safe distance from it lay a boat containing the observing party. Behind him at a slightly higher altitude followed the second Albatross with Happy. Four live bombs swung securely beneath the wings of each plane. Taking the wind into consideration, Wakefield selected the direction for his first approach, then throttled back to slow his speed. Turning around quickly, he glanced at his passenger. McQueen's face was a picture of frenzy mixed with determination. He *would* not be afraid, and, yet, he had no realization of what was to come.

Bob smiled in an effort to lend confidence to the lad who was on his first dive bombing flight. McQueen managed to twist his lips into a faint grimace which faded immediately. "Hold on," called the pilot as he turned back to the business at hand.

The nose of the Albatross reared upward until it reached the vertical. As the plane lost speed, the screaming of the flying wires dropped to a low moan. Suddenly, the nose dropped sidewise as Bob kicked the plane into a split-S. As the nose pointed straight down, it was steadied with the rudder and the engine once more began its roar. The vibrating wires set up their high-pitched howl as the plane fell like a comet toward the sea.

Wakefield threw the switch to arm the bomb and then placed his eye on the telescope. When the cross-wires had settled dead on the target he held the controls steady. Occasionally, he had to correct his dive to accommodate the slight crosswind and the plane corkscrewed about its vertical axis. Then, as the pilot estimated his altitude, he pulled hard on the bomb release and began to ease back on the control stick. Slowly the plane came out of the dive and began a careening climb back into the heavens. Quickly glancing back under the tail, Bob pointed and McQueen looked in time to see a gigantic geyser rise from a point just short of the target.

Clearing the target, Wakefield could see Happy begin his dive and as his pull-out was completed, he saw the bomb hit the surface with a splash. But, there was no tremendous explosion this time. "He forgot to arm his bomb, McQueen," explained Bob.

Again and again the two planes sped in their vertical dives, the bombs hitting closer and closer to the target as the pilots smoothed out their aim and plane control.

"Only one more left," Bob called to his passenger who was beginning, now, to show more interest in the proceedings. He took a look below and observed the boat getting underway. "They're anxious to go in and look at the target," he thought.

Once more the nose came up and again the plane fell into its swift dive. The crosswires took up their assigned position relative to the target. The bomb was armed. The plane screamed as it dropped from the sky. Then, just as the pilot reached down and pulled the bomb release he saw a tiny image of the boat drawing up alongside the target!

A horrible thought flashed through Bob's mind—the boat's crew must have miscounted the bombs which had been dropped—they thought the planes had finished! In just a brief moment they would be blown from the water! He knew instantly what he must do. The bomb must be thrown wide!

Bob kicked violently on the rudder, forcing the plane into a skid which nearly threw its crew from their seats. Then, as the plane straightened out, Bob pulled out of the headlong dive and held his breath as he waited for the bomb to land. But, there was no cascade of water to be seen! He circled the target but still he could find no evidence that the bomb had fallen. He flew well clear of the target and repeatedly pulled the bomb release, but still no bomb dropped.

Strange! Then, a fearful thought struck him. He looked for the arming switch and his worst fears were realized. Of course, he had armed the bomb, and, obviously, it had left the wing rack. Yet, it was equally obvious that it didn't leave the plane! There was only one other place it could be—fouled in the stay wires of the main pontoon. A live bomb ready to explode upon the slightest impact! A rough landing was all that was needed to set it off and blow the plane to bits!

Bob's first thought was to shake the bomb off by maneuvering the plane violently. But, he decided against it. That might be just enough to explode the bomb. Both he and McQueen were certainly justified in bailing out. The plane would probably be lost anyway. But here he was stopped by another consideration. McQueen was new to aviation and he might not use his chute properly. It would take skill to fall clear of the plane and the explosion which would follow the plane's landing.

WHAT was it he had told McQueen when he had been marooned on the yardarm? "Now was no time to get scared!" Something like that. And, McQueen had thought that aviators never became frightened. "Steady down, fellow," he cautioned himself.

How he longed for Ajax! His old Plane Captain could have flown the plane while he crawled down to the float. Or, he would have known enough about planes to have done it himself.

He called, "Ever try flying an airplane, McQueen?"

"No, sir, I've never been up before."

"Try it for awhile. Take the stick and try to follow my instructions." But the plane yawed as its wings dropped and rolled. Bob had taught many of his mechanics to fly in level flight, but now, with only half-an-hour's fuel and death caught in their struts, he realized, there simply wasn't time enough.

But one thing remained, a thing which Bob had dreaded, but for which he saw no alternative.

"McQueen," he called, turning around to look at the youngster, "Do you want a lesson in self-confidence? A tough lesson?"

"Why, sir ——," he paused for an instant, then continued, "Yes, sir!"

"Good! Now, listen carefully!" warned Bob. "We've a live bomb caught in the pontoon strut wires. The slightest jar will set it off—you can imagine for yourself what that would do for us. I don't dare land with it and we'll be out of fuel in another twenty minutes. There isn't time for you to learn to fly the plane

Copyrighted material

steady. Now, think this over—could you climb down on the pontoon and throw the bomb overboard?"

McQUEEN'S face looked suddenly frozen. His mouth fell open. Into his eyes came a look, half of fear and half of amazement that he should be in a spot like this. He glanced slowly over the side to the water several thousand feet below. He faced the pilot, his lips setting into a tight, horizontal line. He appeared to be swallowing, but no words came. All he could do was nod his assent.

Bob called, "Take your parachute off, for the slipstream would probably open the pack and foul you. Hang on for all you're worth—and good luck!"

Bob had the plane slowed down to its lowest possible flying speed when McQueen began his perilous climb with shaking hands and legs. As he emerged from the cockpit the blast of the propeller nearly tore his grip loose. But once he learned to adjust himself to the force of the slipstream he made better progress. At last, he got his feet planted in the cockpit stirrup and he began the hardest part of his job.

Sitting on the lower wing, holding onto the inter-wing wires, he stretched his feet toward the pontoon in the hopes of making contact. But it was no go. He couldn't reach from that position. He'd have to get off the wing, holding only by his hands. Even now the wires were making great creases in his palms. The lad took a deep breath and eased off the lower wing until he was at arm's length. Nothing was below him but eternity. The slipstream placed a terrific load upon him. It seemed as if he could hold on no longer when at last his feet found a secure place on the pontoon. Bracing his leg against the strut he transferred his grip to the stirrup and found himself sitting on the top of the float in company with the bomb.

The slipstream blew a gale, but now he braced his back against the strut wires. The bomb was facing forward, its nose propeller all the way home, its tail fins fouled in the wires. He inched forward until he was securely braced. Then, with his heart in his mouth, he gently picked up the first explosive he'd ever held in his life. Leaning far over, he opened his arms and let the bomb fall. But, now, when he should have been afraid to look down from such a height, he found himself peering over the edge of the pontoon, far more curious than frightened. He wanted to see whether or not the bomb really would explode. He had but a few seconds to wait, for suddenly the sea below shot up into an area of white foam.

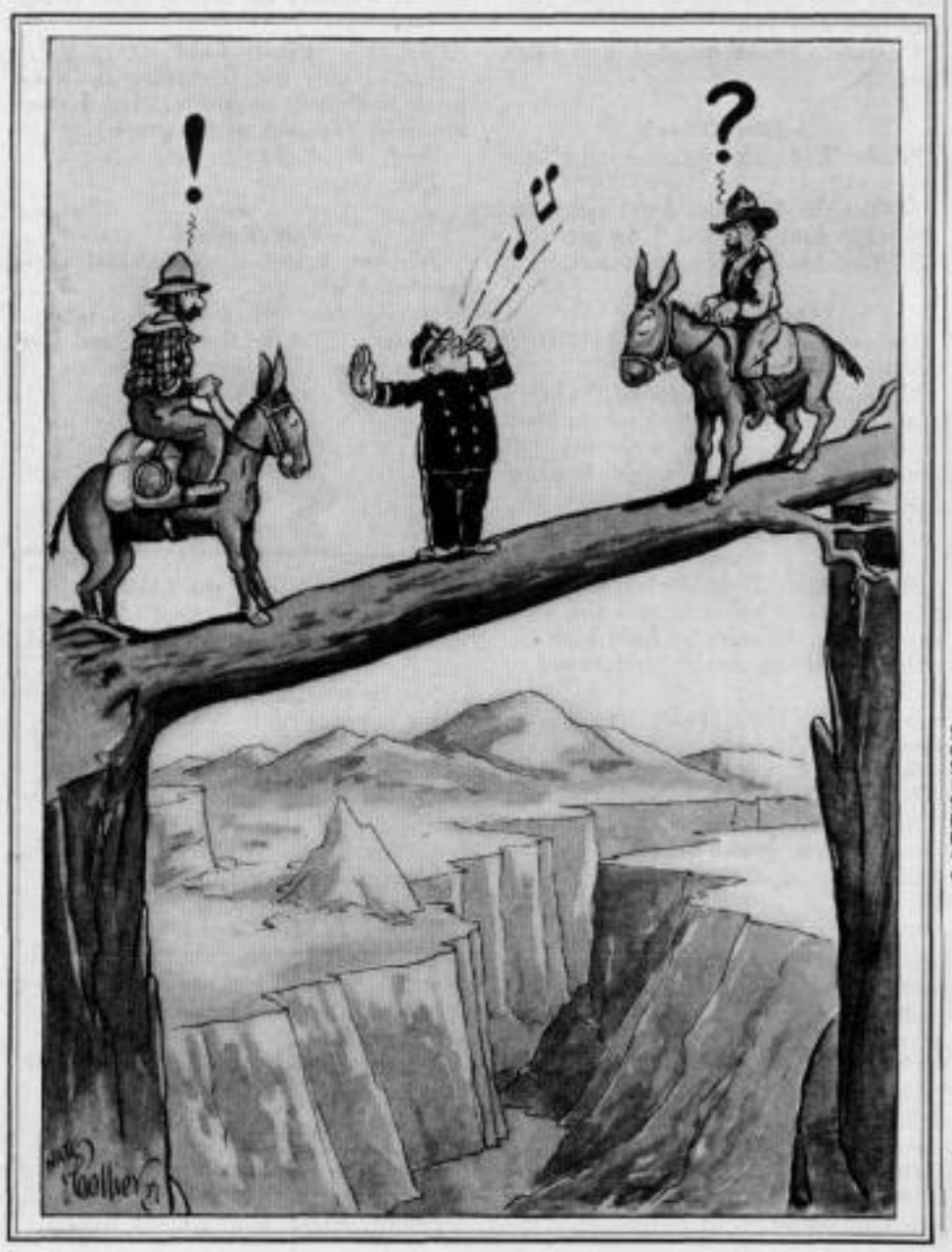
Suddenly, something seemed to come over him. For some reason he felt at home in this weird position, sitting on the slippery pontoon of a seaplane in flight. His face broke into a smile! "Why, say, if you go after this thing right, it isn't half bad," he thought.

His climb back to the cockpit was just as hard as the one down had been, but a light heart made a lighter trip. The slipstream tore at him, but he fought back. When he looked up over the edge of the cockpit, Bob could have shouted with satisfaction. The grim look was wiped off McQueen's face completely. He had won. His own judgment had been vindicated. He had known from the explosion that McQueen had succeeded in his mission, but he hadn't realized how completely the experience had given the youngster the faith in himself which he wanted so much. Now, Bob knew, the sailor had the stuff to make the flying companion he wanted.

As the plane went into a gradual dive, losing altitude toward Pearl Harbor, he asked, "How do you like aviation, now, McQueen?"

"Fine, sir. I hope I can stay."

"You're staying!" promised Bob joyfully. Wait until he could tell Happy!



Scout Style 927 Official Boy Scout Brown Elk Oxford, Oak Soles, Rubber Heels. Carried in Black as number 925.

Scout Style 922 Official Boy Scout Brown Elk Moccasin Oxford, Rawcord Soles, Rubber Heels.

Scout Style 920 Official Boy Scout Brown Elk Blucher, Scuff-proof Tip, Rawcord Soles, Rubber Heels. Carried in Black as Number 918.

YOU know smart foot-work when you see it—in the ring, on the athletic field—but the smartest foot-work any boy can do is to keep his own feet comfortable and fit.

That's why good shoes are so important, and Gerberich-Payne shoes have been selected as the Official Scout Uniform Shoes because they so exactly give what every boy wants—easy comfort, good leather and smart snappy looks.

And how they wear! Mother and Dad are in for a surprise to see how long these Official Scout Shoes will last you. It's smart foot-work to look for and insist on the Official Scout stamp on the heel pad.

See Your Local Shoe Dealer
Every Style for Camp, Street and Dress Wear.

GERBERICH-PAYNE SHOE Co

MOUNTJOY, PENNSYLVANIA.

INSIST THAT ALL SHOES BEAR THIS OFFICIAL STAMP ON ALL HEEL PADS

Official BOY SCOUT SHOE

MOST POPULAR LINE OF BOYS' SHOES IN AMERICA

Be sure to give your name and address when writing advertisers

Copyrighted material

THINK AND GRIN

Edited by FRANK RIGNEY

THE leaves are due to change soon, boys. The leaves on the branches will be turned down, for the leaves in the books on the school benches. The difference will be that the branch leaves will be red and the books leaves will be read. For a spell that is a difference. And—here comes that old joke-book worm, or joke bookworm, if you like. No study while he is around so slam that cover down hard on him so as to shut up both the jokebook and him at the same time. To make the book squeeze tightly, send us in all the jokes you can and for those selected and published, Boy Scout Diaries will be awarded.

Tough Guy This Washington

Landlord: Washington once slept in that bed you occupied last night.

Guest: That's more than I could do.

Vacuum

Moe: I see you hurt your head. Did you have x-rays taken?

Joe: Yep.

Moe: What did they show?

Joe: Nothing.

Moe: The truth will out.

Oops!

Political Speaker: My, but I'm happy to see such a dense crowd here tonight.

Voice in Rear: Don't be too happy; some of us are not too dense to vote as we please next week.

No Use

He: Please—

She: No!

He: Aw, please—

She: No!

He: Even if I tell you I love you more than anybody in the world?

She: Positively no!

He: Aw, but Mother, all the other freshmen stay out after nine.

A Pun in Sections

First insect: Did you see the cricket game?

Second insect: No but Katy did.

Cagy?

Jim: How come you know so much about Smith's affairs?

Bill: We're keeping their parrot while they are away.

Wait

Bob: Your girl friend called me up and said she would be unable to meet you today.

Bill: Well, that's a wait off my mind.

Figure It

Mary: How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price.

Jane: You mean you got it for an absurd figure.

Whachumean?

Young Wife: A tramp is at the back door and I'm going to give him one of my pies. I feel sorry for him.

Hubby: So do I!

Fast Work

Man from Florida: Now, in my state we can grow a tree that size in about a year. How long did it take you to grow that one?

California: Can't say for sure, but it wasn't there yesterday.

Mower Requests

Customer: I want to buy three lawn mowers.

Dealer: You must have a big place.

Customer: No, but I have two neighbors.

"He's been as good as gold since he found that rattle"

Out

"I've been trying to locate Smith for weeks."

"Have you inquired at every possible place?"

"Yes, I even phoned his home."

Docked More

Judge: And for the levity you have shown during your trial I shall give you an additional fine of $10.00. How does that suit you?

Prisoner: That's what I call extra fine.

A Slice O'Luck

Sandy: Did ye na promise me a ham last week?

McTavish: And that I did, neighbor.

Sandy: And why did I na get it?

McTavish: The pig recovered.

One Left-Right?

"So you can use either hand cutting," said the Scoutmaster.

"Yes," said the Tenderfoot, "when I was a boy my father told me to learn to cut my fingernails with my left hand, for some day I might lose my right hand."

Sure?

Scoutmaster: If an electric train was going 30 miles an hour and the wind was blowing 40 miles an hour with the train, would the smoke go forward or backward?

Scout 1: The smoke would go straight up.

Scout 2: It would go forward.

Scout 3: It would go backward.

Scoutmaster: You are all wrong there would be no smoke from an electric train.

Thick

The fog was very thick, and the chief officer of the tramp steamer was peering over the side of the bridge. Suddenly, he saw a man leaning over a rail only a few yards away.

"You confounded fool," he roared. "What on earth do you think you are doing? Don't you know my ship has the right of way?"

Out of the gloom came a sardonic voice, "This isn't a ship, Captain. This is a lighthouse!"

On Post

King Arthur: How much wilt thou take for that suit of armor, Lance?

Sir Lancelot: Three cents an ounce, sire. It's first class mail.

In Reverse

Husband: When will you stop trying to drive the car from the back seat?

Wife: When you stop trying to cook the dinner from the dining room table.

Plenty Cold

Jim: I only got thirty-five in 'rithmetic and forty in spelling, but I sure knocked 'em cold in Geography.

Fred: What did you get?

Jim: Zero.

Fair Enough

Johnny: I lost a nickel. Did anybody find it?

Harry: No, but I found a penny.

Johnny: I'll take the penny and you can owe me the other four cents.

Lockjawing the Lion

Uncle Bruno was fired from the circus when he got the swelled head.

Tsk, Tsk, was he an acrobat?

No, he used to put his head in the lion's mouth.

Taking It Lightly

Visitor: Don't you find that a baby brightens up a home wonderfully?

Father: I do. We have the electric light on most of the night now.

It Will Cure Him

Patient: Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up, something to put me in fighting-trim. Did you put anything like that in this prescription?

Doctor: No. You will find that in the bill.

Had Their Number

Freshman: How many students are there in the university?

Senior: About one in every five.

"I had him purposely develop that curve—does away with a catcher"

Copyrighted material

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus

Felix

Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs

By Edwina

Krazy Kat

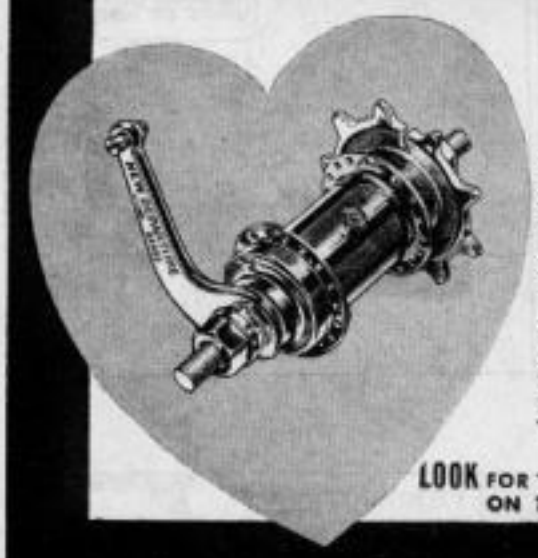
By Herriman

Popeye

Published by Courtesy King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Copyrighted material

The *Heart* of the Bicycle



• Operates from the foot pedals, drives and coasts and brakes *better*. Lightest weight, greatest braking power, smoother, quicker stops. Factory-adjusted and sealed, it is certain in its action—hot or cold, wet or dry. Over the years the choice of 12 million riders. The genuine costs no more.

LOOK FOR THE NAME NEW DEPARTURE ON THE HUBS OF YOUR BICYCLE

NEW DEPARTURE

Coaster Brake in the Rear Hub

"This roller skating fad is O.K. if you have enough skates"

BENNY GOODMAN
..."King of Swing"
CHOOSES GRETSCH
..."King of Drums"

NICK PATOOL
Goodman's Star Drummer

Big-time bandleaders have to be *right*... they can't take a chance on instruments that may not deliver the goods! Therefore, when you buy a drum, make sure you get a GRETSCH, the same drum that BENNY GOODMAN and his ace-drummer NICK PATOOL feature in GOODMAN'S world-famed 'No. 1' SWING BAND. And Benny selected not only one GRETSCH Outfit but TWO... a GRETSCH-GLADSTONE for full band use... a GRETSCH-BROADKASTER for the famous GOODMAN SEXTETTE. GRETSCH, oldest drum makers in America, makes a drum for every purpose and every purse—$5 to $500.

EASY TO PLAY + EASY TO PAY

Send penny postcard for literature and FREE photograph of your favorite drummer; also full information about EASY-PAYMENT PLAN and FREE trial. Give street number; address Dept. B 91.

The FRED. GRETSCH MFG. CO.
Musical Instrument Makers Since 1883
60 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GRETSCH also offers SUPER VALUES in Guitars, Saxophones, Trumpets, Trombones, Accordions. Send for FREE catalogue. Mention instrument.

EXTRA MONEY — *Sell Personal* CHRISTMAS CARDS — NAME IMPRINTED

Earn Extra Income daily. Show assorted, Personal Christmas Cards with name—50 for $1. Another big money-maker—glamorous Box 21 assorted Christmas Folders, sells for $1, 100% profit. Easy, attractive, dependable. Sample on request.
WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 248
160 North Washington Street Boston, Mass.

50 for $1

EASY MONEY!
Sell Subscriptions to Boys' Life
For information write
Jack Gardner, Boys' Life, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE BEST HANDY-SIZED DICTIONARY
WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY
Fifth Edition

3-IN-ONE MAKES BIKES RUN *EASY*

This versatile oil lubricates and protects bicycle bearings and coaster-brakes—cleans and polishes frames and other exposed parts—protects from rust and tarnish.

Ask for HEAVY BODY
3-IN-ONE Oil

FREEDOM OF CHOICE

BEING an American carries with it a world of privileges, as every Scout knows.

One such privilege is, of course, our *freedom of choice*—freedom to select from many sources those items we wish to call our own. Freedom to *accept* or *reject* the persuasion of an advertising message.

In a very real sense, then, an advertising message—such as that you read in BOYS' LIFE—becomes a *symbol* of this freedom of choice.

Swords over the Andes

(*Continued from page 9*)

to inspect the royalist position. A long line of empty ammunition carts and provision wagons had been set up to form a barricade. Between them the muzzles of many cannon could be seen. If they were well served the taking of that line would be difficult, Dick thought, unless the patriot artillery could batter it down in advance.

That night, at a meeting of the staff, it was decided to throw the best of the Chilean foot-troops against the royalist center, leaving the militia, consisting largely of cavalry, to attack the two flanks. Mr. Poinsett, eager to be in the thick of the battle, asked *Senor* Carrera's permission to lead one of the cavalry divisions himself. The other was to be headed by young Luis Carrera, while his brother Jean was selected to command the center, leading his regiment of Grenadiers. Owing to personal differences between José Carrera and General O'Higgins, the brilliant Irishman was ordered to stay at the rear, in command of a body of reserves.

IN THE morning, Dick, sitting his horse at Mr. Poinsett's side, watched the patriot artillerymen pour round after round of solid shot and canister toward the royalist lines. To his surprise, very little damage was done. Occasionally a cart would be struck but most of the shots either buried themselves in the side of the low hill on which the barricade had been constructed, or flew over the enemy's heads. Mr. Poinsett was frowning.

"Terrible!" he muttered. "Inexcusable! After my repeated requests that the gunners be better trained!"

The royalist batteries remained silent, withholding their fire. Dick, glancing over the sloping hillside, saw one of the regiments at the center of the patriot line begin to advance; recognized the brilliant uniforms of the Grenadiers. But no orders to attack had been received by the two wings.

"Some mistake!" Mr. Poinsett growled, fuming. "That Carrera boy's, like as not; the young fool is so conceited he probably thinks he can whip the whole royalist army single-handed!"

The impatience of the Grenadiers and their youthful commander had thrown the patriot advance into confusion. Other regiments started forward, only to be called back. It was half an hour before the mistake was remedied, and orders to attack sent to the entire line.

Cheering, the Chileans moved forward, charged gallantly up the hill. But the barricade, little damaged by the patriot bombardment, gave the troops behind it strong protection, while their cannon, served by veteran Spanish gunners, tore wide gaps in the advancing Chilean lines.

Dick, riding with Mr. Poinsett at the head of their charging cavalry, saw the untrained militia begin to falter as a storm of musket ball, grape and round shot ripped through their ranks, tearing horses and men to shreds. General O'Higgins had been against the plan of attack in the first place, but was overruled; the brilliant Irishman knew that cavalry charging a well-fortified position, had little chance of success. Under that murderous fire the Chilean horsemen, brave enough in ordinary circumstances, turned tail and fled. All along the line the advance had been a complete failure and the royalists, confident now of victory, made ready to launch an attack of their own.

Over his shoulder Dick saw men swarming over the barricade, firing as they came. The day seemed lost, and with it any hope of rescue for the prisoners at Talcahuano.

Suddenly he noticed that the royalist troops, instead of advancing, had begun to retire. The artillerymen were hitching horses to their guns. An officer galloped up to the patriot lines. Soon news spread like wildfire that General O'Higgins, with his reserve detachment of cavalry, had swept around the enemy's flank and cut off his ammunition train. Without fresh supplies of powder and shot the royalists were obliged to retreat. Orders came to the Chilean cavalry to take up the pursuit. By nightfall the Viceroy's men fighting a desperate rear-guard action, had managed, although with many killed and wounded, to cross a small river called the Nuble and take refuge in the fortified town of Chillan, losing most of their artillery and stores in the operation.

MR. POINSETT, his face wreathed in smiles, pulled up his horse at the river's edge, watched the retreating royalists climb the opposite bank.

"Splendid, my boy!" he exclaimed. "The road to Talcahuano is now open!"

"The road to Talcahuano is now open!" Dick repeated the words, overjoyed. Every since the night he had escaped from the forecastle of the *Providence* to plunge into the icy waters of the harbor, visions of Captain Tyson and the rest of the ship's company, half-starved in some filthy dungeon, had haunted him. Now he hoped the time for action had come.

"I suppose the royalists have a good-sized garrison in Talcahuano," he said.

"Undoubtedly. And of course the place is commanded by the guns of the warships in the harbor. It can't be taken, except after a heavy bombardment. And to fire on the town would endanger the

Copyrighted material

lives of our own men."

"That's true sir," Dick agreed. "It's bad enough to be locked up in prison, without having your friends tumble the place about your ears. What can we do?"

Mr. Poinsett's face was curiously grave.

"I still hope to secure the release of these men by peaceful means," he said, "rather than by some act that would plunge our country into war with Spain. Since the Viceroy at Lima has not seen fit to answer my protests, I have decided to make a direct and formal demand upon the Spanish Commander at Talcahuano, asking in the name of the United States that the prisoners be promptly released."

"Do you think any attention will be paid to it, sir," Dick asked.

"That I cannot say. No doubt both the officer in charge there and the Viceroy's representative at Concepçion, will soon learn the results of today's battle: Will know that the royalist army, shut up in Chillan, can give them no aid. Now that the fortunes of war seem turned against these Peruvian invaders, they may consider it wiser to give up their useless prisoners, rather than court a conflict with the United States. If the matter can be settled by diplomatic means, so much the better; but I have no desire to lay myself open to criticism by the Department of State. So I shall at least make the attempt."

"Who is to carry the message?" Dick said quickly.

"You are, Weatherby. As one of my consular assistants. My miltary attaché," he added, smiling. "Under a flag of truce. I should like you to start in the morning, and will arrange to have young Captain Uribe go along with you. You should reach Talcahuano by nightfall."

"Can't be any too soon for me, sir. I promised those men on the *Providence* I'd do my best to get them freed."

Arrangements were promptly made, and at dawn, Dick set out, accompanied by Captain Uribe and two troopers, carrying lances from which fluttered white flags. In Dick's pocket was a formal document, bearing the consular seal.

Riding steadily all day, they came at evening to the ridge of low hills immediately in the rear of, and overlooking, the town. Moored in the harbor, among other vessels, Dick could make out the *Providence*, with the Nantucket craft nearby. Beyond lay the Peruvian warships, their long 18-pounders trained on the shore. Each of the corvettes carried twenty guns; in the face of their heavy broadsides it would be a difficult matter to take the place by assault.

They rode down to the shore and Captain Uribe went to interview the guards at the barrier. When he came back he was frowning.

"The Governor of the province, Bishop Villodres, is still at Concepçion," he said. "That is his official residence. Major Mendoza is in command of the garrison here. His headquarters are in the Customs House. Talcahuano, you know, is the port of Concepçion, and those large buildings along the waterfront are warehouses for the unloading and storing of goods."

THE little body of horsemen, under its flag of truce, clattered down the cobbled streets to the Customs House, a large stone building near the docks. Crossing a wide square they reached its ornate doorway, where Dick and Captain Uribe dismounted. Except for occasional soldiers there were few people about; the town seemed deserted. Dick wondered in which of the great stone warehouses the American sailors were confined.

The guard at the doorway, glancing curiously at the flag of truce, sent for an officer. A young lieutenant in Peruvian uniform appeared, and on learning the nature of their errand conducted Dick and Captain Uribe down a long, gloomy hall, while the two troopers, holding their horses, waited outside.

They came presently to a large room near the center of which a stout, grey-moustached officer sat writing by the light of a handsome silver candelabrum. Through the barred window behind him Dick could make out the masts and spars of a warship, jet black against the flaming, copper-colored sky.

The man at the table glanced up. His face was hard and weather-beaten; he loked like an old campaigner, a veteran, perhaps, of the Spanish Peninsula wars.

"Well?" he asked gruffly, laying aside his pen.

The young officer who had ushered Dick and Captain Uribe into the room explained that they had just arrived

"Eh, what's that you say?"

Airline Pilot Tells Why THE SHELBY BIKE *is like the* "MAINLINER"

For the Ride of Your Life — Get Into the Saddle of a Shelby Bicycle TODAY! . .

Try it! Pick out one of the smart new models waiting at your nearby Shelby dealer's store. (You'll get a faraway look in your eye the minute you see the Airflow Frame and beautiful 2-Tone Color Harmonies.) Then take the bike ride of your life! Pedaling easily, you sail along at a mile-eating clip. Put more drive to the pedals and your Shelby surges ahead like a thoroughbred racer. Shelby's exclusive ShockEase Fork smooths out the bumps, gives you a soft, easy ride.

TELL MOTHER AND DAD

That the Shelby bicycle has the famous "SAFETY CRANK," triple-fused reinforced frame and a host of other SAFETY FEATURES.

Best Bicycle Buy... **Shelby**

BE SURE IT'S A SHELBY-BUILT BIKE!

Copyrighted material

CARRY THE PEN

That Will Help You Get The "Breaks"!

GUARANTEED *for* LIFE
by Parker's ♦ Blue Diamond

That exclusive style of shimmering, smart Pearl *rings* which excites admiration when you're seen in its company.

That patented ONE-HAND Sacless Filler with a BIG INK RESERVE in place of a rubber ink sac.

That streamlined TELEVISION barrel which keeps you from missing the boat by showing *days ahead* if your ink is running low.

That non-brittle 14 K Gold "lubricated" Point which *takes the load off your hand!*

It's the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic—the only Pen of its kind in the world. Yet *it costs less than poorest pens* because it's GUARANTEED FOR LIFE by Parker's Blue Diamond.

Try it today at the nearest pen counter. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

"One-Hand" Filler the EASIEST, most convenient to operate as proved by Deavitt Laboratories.

Laminated Pearl Pens $5 to $13.75
Writefine Pencils $1 to $6

Parker
VACUMATIC

Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance, and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

Try Parker Quink, the Miracle Ink that Cleans a Pen as it Writes, 15¢, up

from Chilean Headquarters under a flag of truce; he did not know their business.

Dick spoke up at once.

"I am an American," he said. "Assistant to the United States Consul General to Chile, Mr. Joel Poinsett!"

"Ah!" The Major's face darkened. "I have heard of that gentleman. A dangerous revolutionary. What do you want from me?"

"The release of certain American sailors, whaling men. Captured on the high seas and held here as prisoners, contrary to international law." Dick stepped up to the table and laid Mr. Poinsett's written protest under the Spaniard's nose.

Frowning, the Major broke its seal, spread out the sheet of paper. For a few moments the room was still, while he read the brief, terse message. Suddenly he brushed it aside, his eyes dark with anger.

"Tell your Consul General," he said, "that under the instructions of His Excellency Senor de Abascal, the Spanish Viceroy, these men are being held as prisoners of war!"

"You refuse, then, to release them?" Dick asked, trying to control his temper.

"Assuredly." The Major's expression was frosty, his gaze stone cold.

"But how can you hold peaceful fishermen on any such absurd grounds? They have engaged in no fighting."

The Major's eyes become even more frigid.

"I have my orders!" he said harshly. "If you wish to argue the question, do so with His Excellency, the Viceroy."

DICK saw that nothing was to be gained by pursuing the matter further. Mr. Poinsett, as Consul General, had made his protest, submitted the government's demands. But there was another matter that Dick felt he should attend to before leaving Talcahuano. He had told his friends aboard the *Providence* that he hoped to enlist Mr. Poinsett's aid. He wanted them to know, now, that they had not been abandoned, that the Consul General was working actively in their interests, and that help was close at hand. He bowed to the Spanish commander, gave him an ingratiating smile.

"*Senor*," he said, "on behalf of my government I wish to ask you a favor. Will you grant me the courtesy of a few moments' conversation with one of the prisoners? A Captain Tyson, of the bark *Providence*. In your presence, *Senor*, if you desire it," he added hastily, seeing the Major's look of suspicion. "I merely want to cheer these unfortunates up, by letting them know they are not forgotten, that their government is working in their interests. As a Spanish gentleman, *Senor*, you would not deny to these poor captives in a strange land the consolation of hope."

The Major's frown disappeared; he turned to the young officer at Dick's side.

"Have you such a prisoner, Lieutenant Gomez?" he asked.

"Yes, *Senor*. An elderly man. He has been ill."

"Send word that he is to be brought here at once."

The young officer saluted, left the room. During the silence that followed, the Major resumed his writing. Presently the door to the hall was pushed open and three men came in.

Two of them were guards, in uniform. The third was Captain Tyson, although Dick at first had difficulty in recognizing him. The former stalwart master of the *Providence* was little more than a bag of bones; his eyes were sunken, his emaciated jaws were covered with a long grey beard, he seemed almost too weak to stand. At sight of a fellow American in this pitiable condition Dick's cheeks flamed.

Striving to control his anger he went up to the old man, took his thin, claw-like hand.

"How do you do, sir?" he said. "This is Weatherby, Dick Weatherby. Don't you know me?"

A gleam of recognition lit up the shipmaster's eyes.

"How are you, my boy!" he whispered. "Glad you came back. I've been sick—very sick."

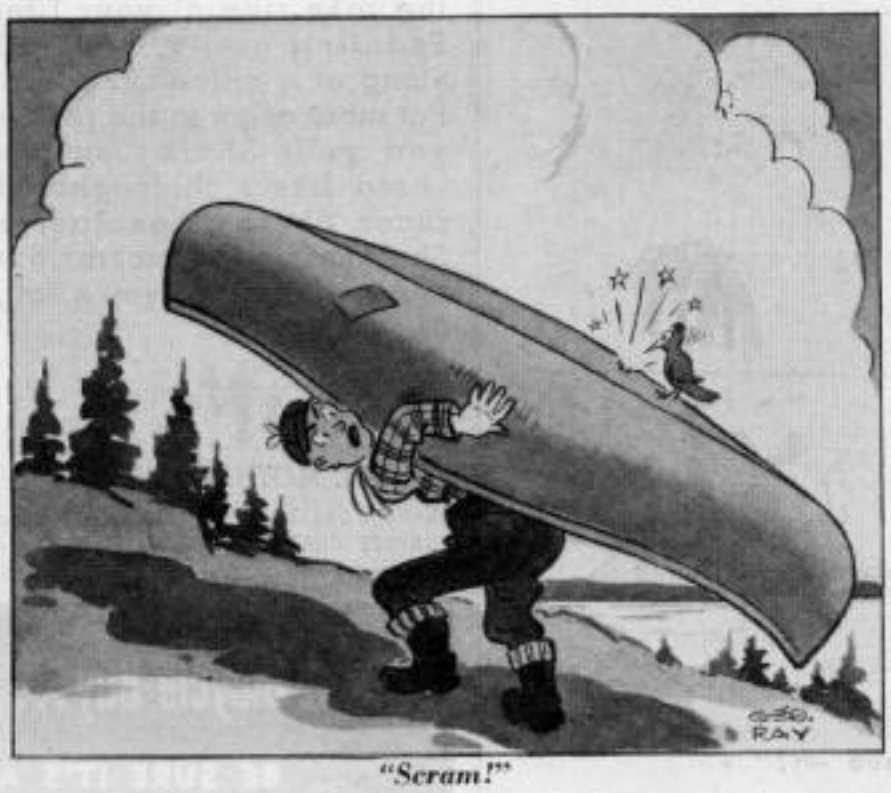
"What is the matter? Your hand feels hot. Have you a fever?"

"I don't know, son. It may be that. Or the food. I can't eat any more. My stomach's gone back on me. Did you find the Consul General? And is he going to get us out?"

"I hope so, sir," Dick replied gently. "He's doing his best. Tell the others not to lose hope." He pressed the Captain's hand, fearing to say more, was about to turn away when one of the guards who had brought the prisoner in, spoke up, addressing his words to the Major.

"Your Excellency," he said, pointing to Dick, "this man is the prisoner who escaped from the *Providence* the night she was brought into port. The one who jumped overboard, after attacking a sentry. I know, because I was a member of the prize crew!"

The Spanish commander sprang to his



"Scram!"

SOUND ADVICE

Accidents and injuries are unavoidable sometimes. Boy Scouts should be ready to meet these emergencies and help prevent serious consequences of minor injuries by prompt treatment with a Johnson & Johnson Official First Aid Kit.

This all-metal Kit is carried on the belt—easy to attach and remove. It is light, compact and economical. "Be Prepared."

On Sale at Boy Scout Distributors and Your Druggist

OFFICIAL FIRST AID KIT

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Know **AVIATION**

Read—
MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS
Special Summer Offer Includes
FREE KIT

SAVE $1.40 on year's subscription!

This sensational offer is too good to miss! Send a $1 bill and have MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS for a whole year—AND, you can get 12-in big flying kit FREE. Think of it! MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS—regularly $2.40 a year—12 big issues of 68 pages each or more. It's filled from cover to cover with latest news on model building and flying with contests, records, and complete plans. Material comes from master builders and aeronautical experts all over the world. Hundreds of pictures. There's BIG SHIP news, too, and latest MILITARY facts!

Complete FREE kit to build the 22" wingspan "FURY" contains: Fuselage 17" x 22" slab, colored tissue, cement, rubber, finished wheels, finished 6" propeller, cross wire for bushing and propeller shaft, brass washers, nose plug, ribs printed on sheet balsa, drilled balsa block and 20 balsa strips. A really beautiful model that gives much pleasure building, and hours of enjoyment in the air.

AVIATION *Leads the Field*

12 Issues Plus Kit ONLY— **$1**
Offer Expires Oct. 1st

ABSORBING HOBBY
Build gliders, cabin ships, Sailers, motors, enhance flyers. Learn lifting power and wing stress facts. Know why you engineers. Watch your eye powered glider 2y 30 minutes or more!

SPARE TIME MONEY
Win Model Prizes and Flying Awards. Make remarkable scale models of famous ships. Sell them for other home decorations, etc. Make money while you learn about aviation.

PROSPEROUS CAREER
Aviation is the fastest growing business. Engineers, mechanics, executives, flyers wire go into aviation and know it from the ground up, get the best jobs and the highest pay.

MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS, 551 5th Ave., N. Y. C. B.E.G.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS for 1 year; also free FURY kit. (Kit not sent outside U. S.)

Send to.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Subscription and kit offer good only in the United States. Offer excluded but also good in Canada, C. S. zone, Cuba, Mex., Panama and S. Amer.

Get MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS 20c at all Newsstands

Copyrighted material

feet with a screech of astonishment.

"In that case," he roared, "the fellow should be placed under arrest!"

Dick, who had not anticipated this turn of affairs, stepped back, his eyes on the door. Captain Uribe came to his defense.

"We are here under a flag of truce!" he exclaimed. "You cannot violate our safe-conduct."

"I do not violate it, *Senor Capitaine*," the Major replied coldly, "so far as you are concerned, even though you are a rebel against the government of Spain. But this man is an escaped prisoner, who has the impudence to enter our lines, claiming the protection of a white flag. When you go back, be so good as to tell this *Senor Poinsett* that his protest is rejected, and that his messenger has been locked up as he deserves, along with the rest of the crew!" Major Mendoza signalled to the guards. "Take him away!"

Dick tried to protest, but one of the men had seized his elbow, while the young Lieutenant behind him drew his sword.

"Come along with you," he said harshly, motioning toward the hall.

Furious, Dick allowed himself to be led from the room. With the young officer's sword-point against his back there was nothing else he could do. Captain Uribe, dark with anger, was still vainly protesting.

THE young Chilean officer left Talcahuano in a towering rage, fanned to white heat by the Major's parting remarks.

"Tell your Director General," the latter said coldly, "that I shall in future hang you, or any other rebel against the Spanish crown that I catch inside our lines! Take my advice, *Senor*, and depart at once, before I forget that you came here under a flag of truce!"

Before leaving the town, however, Captain Uribe and his men stopped at a tavern long enough to get something to eat. The innkeeper, a patriot like most of the inhabitants of the town, came up to his table, bowing and smiling.

"They say, *Senor*," he whispered, "that the Governor of the Province, Bishop Villodres, will come here to Talcahuano should his palace at Concepçion be threatened, bringing his servants, his treasures."

"What for?" the Captain asked idly.

"To escape by sea, to Peru. I hear the whaling vessels, the prize ships, are also being made ready. Their crews, now in prison, will be placed aboard, in irons, I am told."

Captain Uribe waited to hear no more. Riding hard all night he reported to Mr. Poinsett next morning just as the latter was finishing an early breakfast.

"Your protest was refused, *Senor!*" he exclaimed, bursting into the small hut that served the Consul General as both sleeping quarters and office. "I was insulted! And, worst of all, Lieutenant Weatherby was seized and thrown into prison, along with the rest of the captured crews! I could do nothing!" Breathless, he explained in detail what occurred.

Mr. Poinsett sat slumped down in his chair, deeply distressed.

"I never should have sent him!" he muttered bitterly. "But frankly it did not occur to me that in delivering a message to the military authorities, at night, under a flag of truce, he would run any risk of being recognized! This is terrible!" He jumped up, grasped his hat and cloak. "We must see the Director-General at once!"

The farm house in which José Carrera had established his Headquarters after the battle of San Carlos was nearby. As they hurried toward it, Captain Uribe repeated what he had learned at the inn.

"If we march on Concepçion," he said, "the Governor of the Province, who has his official residence there, intends to retreat to Talcahuano, sail for Peru, taking all the prize ships and their crews with him, in irons."

Mr. Poinsett said nothing, but his expression, as they reached Headquarters, was suddenly firm and resolute, as though he had made an important decision.

They found Carrera in the midst of a heated discussion with General O'Higgins. The two men were not friends; the hot-tempered Irishman resented the way in which he had been pushed aside in favor of less competent officers, but both he and the Director General were patriots, ready to forget their personal differences for the sake of the Chilean cause. Before Mr. Poinsett could explain the reasons that had brought him, Carrera spoke up.

"We have been discussing an important question of strategy, *Senor* General," he said quickly. "It is my opinion that we should march at once upon Concepçion, leaving a small force behind to keep Admiral Pareja and his men bottled up in Chillan, cut off from supplies. My reason is that Concepçion, being a rich city and capital of the Province, is more important to us, its capture will bring many recruits to our cause." He glanced across the table, frowning. "General O'Higgins, on the contrary, thinks we should first stop here and lay siege to Chillan, capture the town before our royalist friends have had time to complete their defenses."

"The enemy is fortifying the place," O'Higgins broke in. "Each day it becomes stronger. To leave an army in our rear is dangerous, a threat to our line of communications."

Senor Carrera turned to Mr. Poinsett.

"There is reason on both sides," he admitted. "What is your opinion, my friend?"

Mr. Poinsett, distressed by the news he had just received from Captain Uribe, stood for a moment considering the question, unable to decide. If the patriot army remained where it was before Chillan, a long siege might result, the rainy season would set in, and any hope of rescuing the prisoners at Talcahuano would have to be abandoned for months. On the other hand, he had the greatest respect for O'Higgins' opinion, and was inclined to think the brilliant Irishman was right.

"Gentlemen!" he said. "News has just come to me from Talcahuano which makes it impossible for me to answer your question. My protest to the officer in command there was rejected! My assistant, young Weatherby, was seized and thrown into jail. Your representative, Captain Uribe, after being grossly insulted, was ordered out of town under threat of being hung as a rebel. In these circumstances I cannot give you an honest opinion. By going toward Concepçion, I might be able to render some service to my imprisoned countrymen. I could not do so, were I to remain here. I have therefore decided, whichever course you may take, to ask a favor."

Senor Carrera rose, his eyes bright with sympathy.

"You have done my country many favors, *amigo*," he said earnestly. "What can I offer you in return?"

"A regiment of infantry, a battery of heavy artillery, and the services of Captain Uribe!"

Carrera stood staring.

"They are yours, General," he replied. "But what, may I ask, do you propose to do with them?"

"I propose," Mr. Poinsett said, "to capture Talcahuano!"

To be concluded in BOYS' LIFE *for October*

"SIXTY MINUTES packed with ACTION!"

Says "Steve" Owen, Coach of the New York Football Giants, Eastern Champions of the National Professional Football League. *"That's a football game to us! And every minute uses vital food-energy in strenuous exertion. That's why Dextrose is the ideal 'fuel' sugar for athletes—because Dextrose provides quick food-energy* when *it's needed. Baby Ruth is a great candy bar for athletes because it* is *so rich in real Dextrose food-energy sugar."*

Steve Owen

STEVE OWEN
Head Coach
N. Y. GIANTS
FOOTBALL TEAM

EVERY ingredient in Baby Ruth is carefully selected to make this big candy bar as nutritious as it is delicious. It's a luscious blend of rich chocolate coating, smooth creamy caramel, delightful opera cream, plump freshly-roasted peanuts and Dextrose food-energy sugar. Try a bar of Baby Ruth today—you'll enjoy its goodness and real food value. Only 5¢ everywhere.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

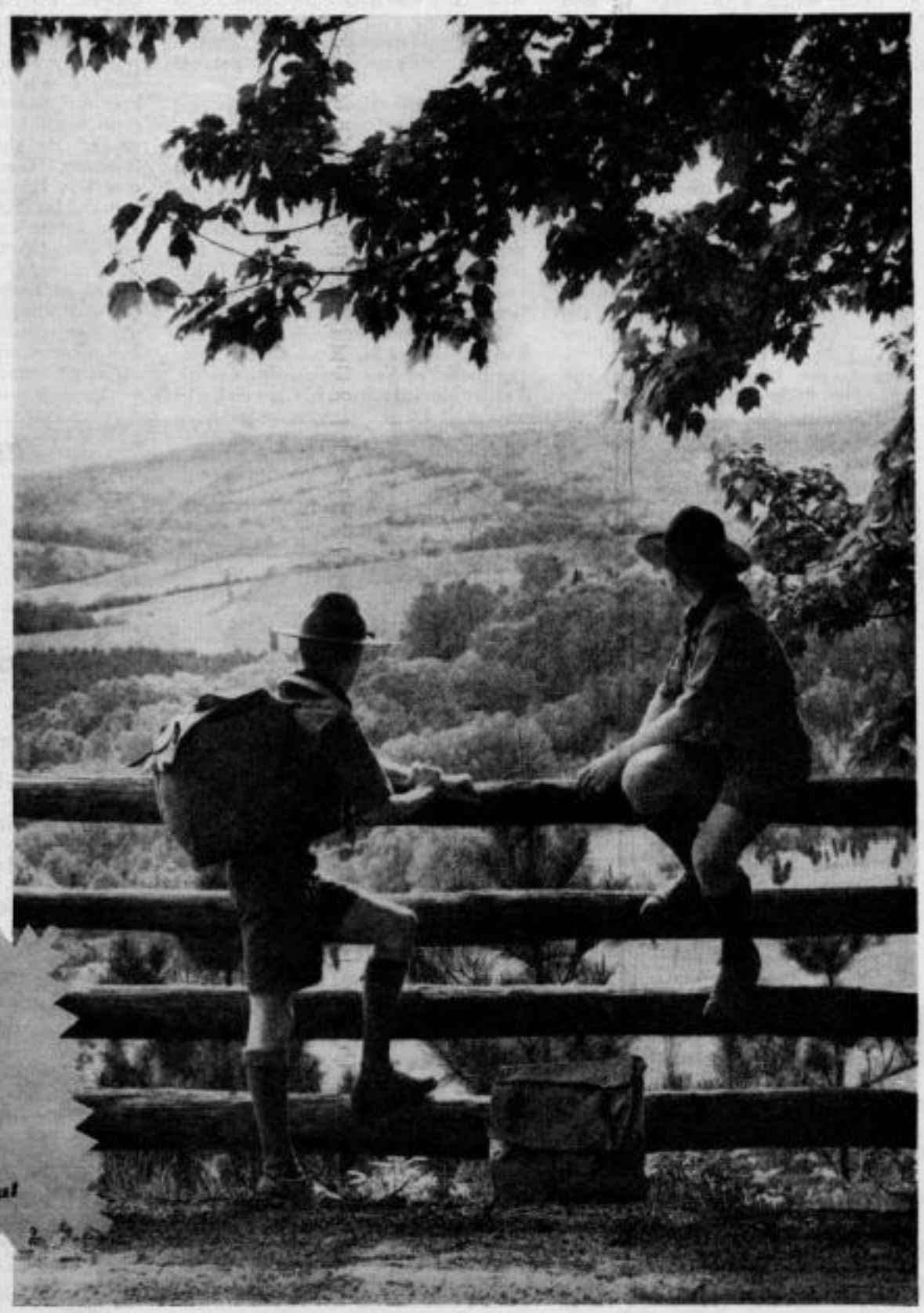
Copyrighted material

In the Highlands of Scotland tradition calls for Kilts

Unique in the world, the uniform of Highland Scots is invariably the kilt and tartan with its brilliant-colored checks of varied hues. Patterns and colors distinguish one clan's uniform from the next. A certain uniformity, however, symbolizes the union of all clans in a common nationality of the Scots.

In Scouting Shorts is the Uniform

Action is the word for Scouting. Whether it is hikes, camping or canoe trips over rapid flowing streams . . . Scouts are on the go. There is no time to waste with thread and needle over equipment that can't stand the gaff. That's why, wherever Scouts go, their smart and sturdy Official Uniform with Shorts goes with them. Now there's a reason for this fact. Here's the whole story: It's free and easy at the knees, comfortable in any weather, smart in appearance, a "Gibraltar" in durability, and economical in price. Today, look where you may . . . from rock-bound Maine to sunlit California . . . the Uniform you see seasoned Scouts wearing is invariably with Official Shorts. Scouts know that for freedom of action, knee-strangling garb is unthinkable. They also know that once the Uniform is marked "Official," the integrity of the Boy Scouts of America backs its quality, correct design and sturdy wear. When buying your Uniform with Shorts, make sure it is Official. You can tell it by the Official Boy Scout Seal.



Look for the Seal before you Deal

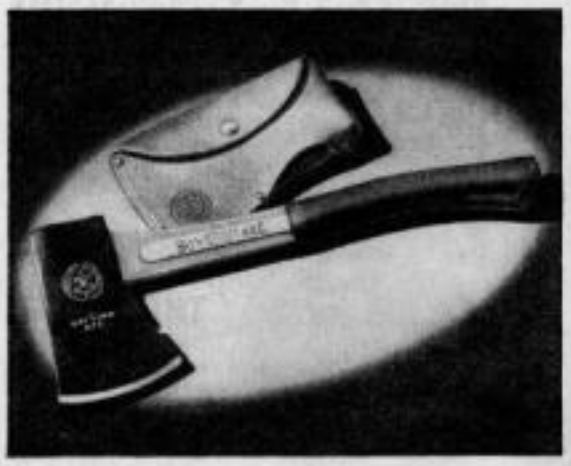
DO NOT ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES . . . PURCHASE FROM

YOUR LOCAL SCOUT DISTRIBUTOR

Copyrighted material

Double Scouting Pleasure

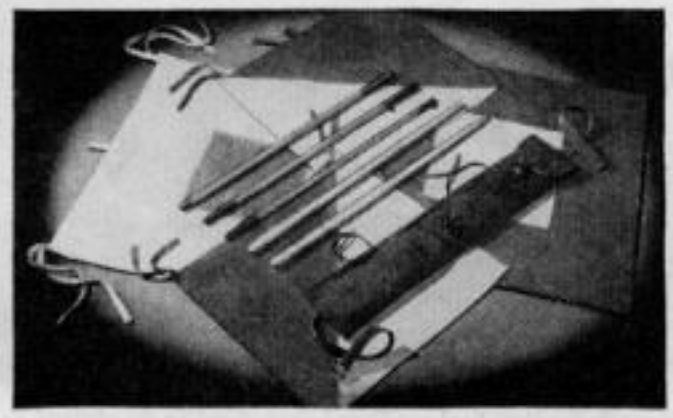
with Official Scout Equipment best by test



Official Saf-T-Hed Axe

Designed especially for Scouts, the Saf-T-Hed Axe is made of single-piece steel by Vaughan & Bushnell. The materials and methods are the same as those used in the manufacture of chopping axes for professional lumberjacks. You can be sure, this Axe can never lose its head.

No. 1263 Axe with Sheath $1.95
No. 1263B Axe only 1.75



Signal Flag Kit

A real bargain. A complete Signal Outfit at less than the cost of its parts. Consists of a pair of Semaphore Signal Flags, a pair of Semaphore Flag Sticks, a pair of Morse Signal Flags and a jointed three-section Morse Flag Stick. All are contained in heavy canvas carrying case with adjustable straps. Weight: about 3 lbs.

No. 1498 ..... $1.19

Shipping Charges Not Prepaid

Shelter Tent

U. S. Q. D. Army Duck. Provides excellent shelter. Flaps in front and rear. Comes with collapsible wood poles and pegs. Size: 8' long, 3'7" high, 5' wide.

No. 1308 ..... $6.50

Shipping Charges Not Prepaid

Official Signaler

Latest streamlined 3-way signal set. Compact and efficient. Use two flashlight battery cells.

No. 1095 Without Battery ... $1.30
No. 1278A 2-cell Battery ..... .20

Official Compass

Bar needle type. Metal case. Dial has 16 points and Scout Seal.

No. 1093 ..... 80c

Official Sleeping bag

Man's size, 30" x 72". Made of water repellent khaki drill with japara Kapok filled mattress. Its features: "zipper" opening, head roof, draw strings, grommets and amazing lightweight of 6¾ lbs.

No. 1442 ..... $5.95

Shipping Charges Not Prepaid

Official Sheath Knives

Finest forged steel blade, with sheath.

No. 1559 "Remington" make. $1.75
No. 1560 "Marble" make $1.75
No. 1553 "Ka-Bar" make 1.75

Official Bugles

Instruments that are smarter and trimmer than the average.

No. 1277 "Conn" make $5.00
No. 1538 "Rexcraft" make 3.95
No. 1226 Bugle Cord, Silk ..... .75
No. 1235 Bugle bag 1.25

Official Wool Camp Blanket

Economical 80% wool khaki blanket of quality that wears and wears. Very strong and durable. First Class Emblem in center of blanket. Size: 62" x 82", weight 3¼ lbs.

No. 1172 ..... $5.00

Official Firemaking Set

Consists of bow with leather throng, cedar bark tinder, yucca spindle, a drill socket and a yucca wood board.

No. 1532 ..... 75c

Official Coin Purse

Genuine leather case. Has separate slots for coins and paper money. Holds $4.00 in coins. Can be worn on belt or carried in pocket.

No. 1237 ..... 65c

Official Ray-O-Vac Flashlight

Movable sleeve around bulb provides floodlight when desired. Also 3-way locking switch with "Flasher" for signaling.

No. 1397 With 2-cell battery ... $1.25
No. 1396 Same but with red sleeve 1.25

Waterproof Match Box

Keeps matches really dry. Made of seamless brass, nickelplated. Holds enough matches to last several days.

No. 1437 ..... 60c

Official Moccasin Kit

Partly assembled. Heavy waterproof steerhide; composition rubber sole and heel already attached. Order by shoe size.

No. 1677 ..... $1.85

The Winners are here

Is your name among the five that won the SAF-T-HED AXE?

Remember . . . in spring all BOYS' LIFE readers were invited to write in a letter to the EQUIPMENT SCOUT telling him about a piece of Official Scout Equipment they liked best. The five best letters were each to get a grand prize—the Official Boy Scout SAF-T-HED AXE. All other letters were to receive a BOY SCOUT DIARY for their effort.

The five best letters were selected by a board of important judges. Winners were difficult to select because all letters were very well written.

The five best, however, were finally selected. The names of the winners are listed below:

SCOUT ALLEN PEEBLES
Troop 53
Livingston, Texas

SCOUT MYRON BURT ALVORD
Troop 26
2774 Washington Boulevard
Ogden, Utah

SCOUT DAVID JOHN WILLIAMS
Troop 182
132 Breaker Street
Parsons, Pa.

SCOUT RICHARD HARRIS
Troop 27
24 Gifford Drive
Worcester, Mass.

SCOUT BILL YOURY
Troop 4
10 Mountain House Road
South Orange, N. J.

The Equipment Scout, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, thanks you loads for being so good about writing. He will try to have another contest for Scouts and readers of BOYS' LIFE. Until then, "so long," and thanks again for writing. All of you have been pretty swell.

The Equipment Scout
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

IF NOT STOCKED BY YOUR DISTRIBUTOR ORDER BY MAIL FROM

231 SOUTH GREEN ST.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

755 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

2 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Show your interest in this page by writing to the advertiser today

Copyrighted material

how TO MAKE MONEY

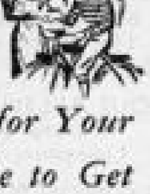
WITH YOUR BIKE

Your bike is a swell money-maker . . . if you'll just use it.

One of the best ways to make bicycle-money is with a newspaper route. And here's how to go about it. Just 'phone the Circulation Department of your newspaper and give them your name and address. They will tell you what routes are open and help you find one near your home.

Many "cash and carry" stores—and their customers—will welcome an *independent* delivery service. The manager of the one nearest your home will probably let you put up a sign in his store and deliver his goods. The usual charge is 10¢ per trip.

One sure way of making your bike pay is to ride on errands for Mother and Dad. But don't charge them one penny more than you could get from anyone else. Your business should be run in a business-like way, and they are your best customers.



When You Buy for Your Bike . . . Be Sure to Get

Gillette Tires

The Kind that Look Smarter and Wear Longer

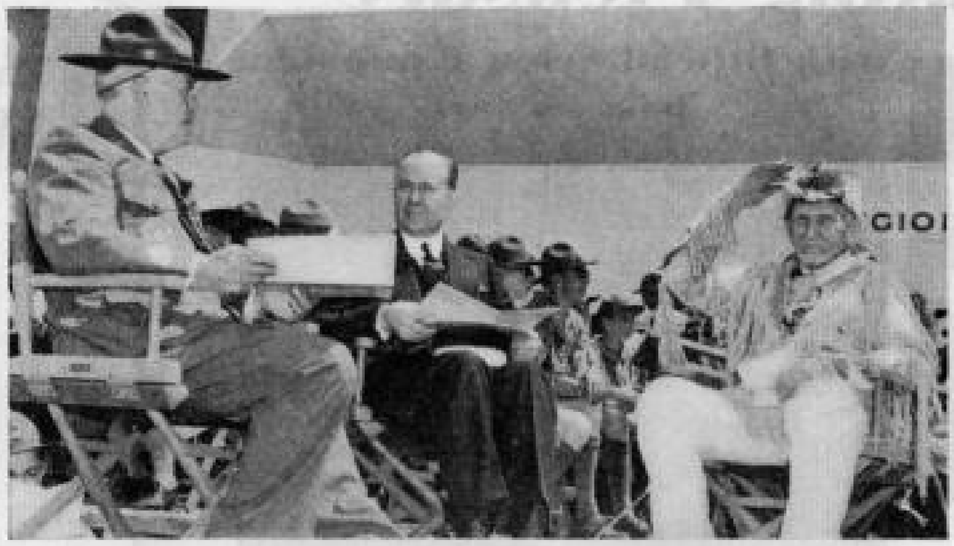
As you earn, you can buy the things you've always wanted for your bike. And one of the first things is a brand new set of Gillette Tires. These fine looking, long wearing tires will give you hundreds of miles of safe, easy riding pleasure.

Then, there's that extra pair of lights you've wanted so long—a new horn—a front wheel brake—one of those new bicycle radios . . . well, you know what the gang will say about *that!*

You'll get more fun out of your money by fixing up your bike than in any other way. And, remember, it won't be just right till you get that new set of Gillettes!

GILLETTE BICYCLE TIRES
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

Uncle Dan's Birthday Message



The Chief Scout Executive with President Head and Commissioner Beard on the platform on Boy Scout Day at the New York World's Fair

BOY SCOUT DAY at the New York World's Fair was held on June 22 last. The celebration honored Daniel Carter Beard, ("Uncle Dan") National Scout Commissioner, whose 90th birthday occurred the previous day. Because of its interest to the youth of America we reprint his response address as given that day.

AFTER listening to the President's address to the graduating class at the University of Virginia, I left the radio very much impressed. I walked slowly to the window to gaze on the cheerful and beautiful rose garden.

There were a number of American robins hopping around feeding on the angle worms that the rain had brought to the surface, when out from nowhere crept a filthy brown rat—a blot on the scene! The rat tried to stalk a nearby robin and sprang to catch the bird. But, without a flutter of alarm, it hopped out of reach and went on with its search for worms.

None of the robins paid any further heed to the rat than to casually keep out of its clutches.

I wonder if the incident was not staged for my especial benefit? Pert, bright, cheerful, and alert, the American robins might well represent the Boy Scouts of America, and the rat! the evil influences which constantly threaten our boys.

The rulers of this jittery world of ours have sown the wind and are now reaping the whirlwind! But even a whirlwind cannot destroy the pyramids. In spite of Nature's brainstorms, they have stood steadfast for ages, and they will stand for ages more.

A pyramid is the most stable thing on earth. Given a good foundation and skillful workmen to erect it, it will bid fair to outlive the human race.

Nothing just happens. The Boy Scout movement itself is a pyramid built upon the foundation of love for the boy and a firm faith in boyhood. We who laid its foundations were most fortunate in finding available a group of men who were expert builders.

Never for one moment have I wavered in my love for the boys or my belief that on their sturdy shoulders rests the responsibility of bringing sanity to the delirious world.

Benedict Arnold was as temperamental as a prima donna; when things did not suit him, he joined the enemy. Simon Girty, a man of the same type, got mad because he felt slighted, deserted the whites to become a chief of hostile Indians. Joe Betty of the Revolutionary war is a forgotten renegade who vented his spite by turning traitor, and kidnapping his own neighbors to sell to the enemy.

Any one of the three might have been symbolized by that brown rat.

Throughout history we have had rats. In Bible times, there was Judas Iscariot, and in classic times, there was Brutus. But, in all this vast multitude of boys there is not a single rat. No! They are every one loyal to America, loyal to the Scout Law, loyal to the Scout Oath.

Our boys know that the world will not be won by "weaklings, subtle, suave, and mild," but by "men with the hearts of Vikings and the simple faith of a child."

The quality we need now more than anything else is sturdy manhood; manhood that will do and dare to blaze the trails on the new frontier. There is no escaping the truth that the new frontier is fraught with as much danger, physical and spiritual, as the old.

It takes more courage today for a man to stand up and tell the truth than it has at any time in the last hundred years, but those who accept the challenge and pay the costs are the ones whose names will go down in history, while the side-steppers, the time-savers, and the self-seekers are the ones whose names will only be found in the dust and rubbish heaps that Father Time sweeps from the Halls of Fame.

While this mechanized world is trying its best to destroy all beliefs in the spiritual world, it is unconsciously building a foundation for a renaissance. That's a high-brow name, boys, but you are a high-brow crowd of Scouts and all of you know that renaissance means a rebirth, a renewed interest in things more or less neglected.

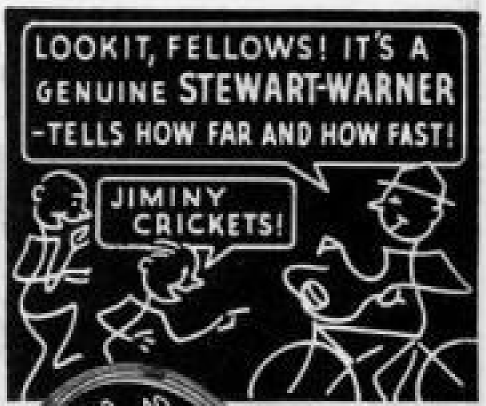
Thank God you haven't grown up yet and you are still wearing your Scout uniforms.

I am talking now to the crowd that is going to produce the men who are to win the world by a display of real manhood which is the heritage left us by the old pioneers whose honesty, grit and sublime courage won the respect of death itself.

One cannot imagine Daniel Boone telling a lie, or Johnny Appleseed turning in a false report. And as for grit, when it was necessary, the old pioneers amputated their own limbs successfully. One can't imagine a sissy cutting off an infected finger from his own hand with his sheath knife as did my dear friend, Yellowstone Kelly.

No one who reads of your heroism in the reports of the National Court of Honor will ever mistake you boys for sissies.

In spite of evil spirits you are going to lead the world back to a faith in God and Democracy. Then the Bill of Rights may be incorporated in the Constitution of every land on the face of the earth.



THE CADET

World's finest bicycle speedometer! Two mileage records: total to 1000 miles; trip mileage can be reset to zero; shows speed to 50 m. p. h. Shatterproof lens; chromium trim; crackle finish; noiseless gear; genuine Stewart-Warner magnetic movement.

Here's the Way to Get More Fun Out of That New School Bike!

SO you've been promoted, and the new school is farther away, and you have a bike to cover the distance: Listen! You'll get a lot more kick out of riding to school, or doing errands for Mother, or going on bike-hikes with the other kids, if you know at a glance just how far you've gone —and how fast you're going!

Get a genuine Stewart-Warner Bicycle Speedometer! The Clipper has one mileage record, to 10,000 miles; shows speed to 50 m.p.h. It's the world's most popular bike speedometer. Both Clipper and Cadet now available in the new fork mounting. See them at your dealer's.

STEWART-WARNER
1889 Diversey Parkway • Chicago, Illinois
World's Oldest and Largest Makers of
BICYCLE SPEEDOMETERS

EXTRA MONEY for Yourself, Club or Church

SELL Christmas CARDS

Make Biggest Profits with America's Fastest selling 21-folder $1 Christmas assortments. Also exquisite Religious cards, Birthday, Every Day, Etching and Gift Wrapping assortments. We start you. Write now. Robinson Cards, Dept. 618, Clinton, Mass.

READY Only $2.95

New 1000-SHOT **RED RYDER** *Cowboy* **CARBINE**

Buy it at your Dealer's. If he hasn't it, send us $2.95. We'll rush yours postpaid. Write for FREE Daisy Air Rifle Catalog!
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
429 Union St. Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

TO get the most fun out of camping or hiking, you must have comfortable feet. Bass Moccasins are the answer.

Made with True Moccasin construction, a method Bass took from the Indians, your foot is cushioned by a single piece of soft leather . . . no innersole, no welt, just downright comfort! The hard sole gives you longer wear.

Send a postcard for free catalog of other Bass Outdoor Footwear. G. H. Bass & Co., 29 Main St., Wilton, Maine.

BASS MOCCASINS

Copyrighted material

Three Who Were Nobody

(*Continued from page 7*)

something, he said, something that the Towers was going to find useful in the years to come, something which only a licking would let come through. And he had given me a chance to get my licking."

"What about his grandmother?"

"Oh, she had died all right; about thirty years before."

Craig was sitting up, on the edge of the couch. "You wanted to be somebody—"

"And I had to learn to be nobody. It was tough, boy, to be nobody."

Craig was looking at the floor. "It sure is," he said.

"For a year I had the kind of time that you've been having, with everybody thinking me seven kinds of jackass and wondering why I didn't have the sense to get out when I knew I wasn't wanted. I didn't resign. I asked old Jake to let me coach the fourth team instead. I'll never forget the look he gave me. It was the kind of look I imagine might be on the face of a scientist when he knew that an experiment he had made was a success. I didn't go back to be Jake's assistant for three years. But the fourth year he let me do the coaching alone and what we did to Chancellor's Hall that fall was almost too good to be true."

Craig studied the rug for a full minute. But when he looked up there was a light in his eyes. "Do you think the baseball squad will let me be choreboy?"

Mr. McKevry nodded his head. "You're on," he said.

THE squad didn't quite know what to make of Craig Mallinson when he appeared on the baseball field one raw April day lugging the three-gallon pail with the dented tin dipper which had revived the spirits of so many Towers athletes that it had taken on the glamour of a historic relic. It wasn't only that Craig was lugging the pail but that he was grinning. He had hidden himself so long in a thundercloud that nobody believed he had a grin in him, and no one cared whether he had or not, or thought he cared.

Half the squad had been on the first or second football teams and they did not cherish Craig presiding over the waterpail.

"Who let that rat in?" growled Jimmie Kohlsaat.

No one seemed to know. But there the rat was, and after a week no one was thinking of him as a rat. He was proving useful. The water was always fresh and always where you expected to find it. The bats were in order. When the ball was batted off the field on a foul, Craig was after it like a dog after a rabbit. When you lost your glove, Craig was sure to find it and when Craig got through sweeping the home plate you could have served dinner on it. The qualities which had made him a quarterback to dream about made him a prince of choreboys.

And he was much better company now that he was nobody. There was no competition for his job, no jealousy, no strain. He blossomed as a social being and began to develop hidden talents for entertainment. It was something, at some crucial moment in a game when the Towers batters were waiting on the bench, to have him quietly get off some bright line which would resolve the tension in a laugh. It was something too to have him in the locker-room after a gruelling practice reeling off his clever chatter,

(*Continued on page 38*)

Scouts in the War News

OMITTED by our daily newspapers, as they told with tall headlines the German march through Flanders, is a story of keen interest to Scouts everywhere. It is the story of heroism and bravery in the face of danger, of helpfulness and kindly assistance given by the Scouts of France to the thousands of homeless refugees, mostly women and children and the aged, who, driven from their homes, choked the roads of France.

But these roads were needed by the Allies for supply lines and the resulting confusion and congestion made of them easy marks for bombing and strafing airplanes.

Many persons were killed, many more injured. Amidst this endless confusion and tragedy were the Scouts of France (there are three Scout Associations in France), doing everything possible to assist these unfortunate people. The Scouts formed First Aid Posts, acted as guides—were stationed at cross roads with maps, provided refreshments, and assisted in such a manner as can be done only by those Scout trained. For, through Scout training, they had prepared themselves, as had no other group, for national emergency service work.

And all the time there was the knowledge their own homes were being destroyed. There were relatives and friends unheard from. Death from the sky was a steady threat. And always there was the fear that they too would have to flee from the advancing enemy.

But they stayed at their posts. They had a job to do. How well they served both their country and the Belgian refugees is reaffirmed by the numerous stories now heard of their bravery—the courage of boys under fire.

You'll Go For Clay Target Shooting!

TWO FINE WINCHESTER SHOTGUNS
Model 37—A fine-shooting, strong, single-barrel gun at a surprisingly low price. Model 24—A durably-built double-barrel shotgun, moderately priced.

YOU'LL get a big kick out of smashing clay targets and seeing them powdered into puffs of "smoke" by your own good shooting!

Shooting at targets thrown from an inexpensive Western Handtrap is great sport and good practice. There's no better way to learn to handle a shotgun.

To Shoot Well, Start Right

Your Dad, an older brother, or one of their friends who shoots, will gladly give you valuable pointers and show you how to use a shotgun safely.

Hard-hitting, dependable Western XPERT shot shells will help you powder the targets—and there are modern low-priced single barrel and double-barrel Winchester shotguns that will help your shooting. They are made to fit you—to come up to your shoulder fast and easy.

Mail the coupon for the free Western Ammunition Handbook and free leaflets giving full particulars of the Winchester Model 37 and Model 24 shotguns.

Western
WORLD CHAMPION AMMUNITION

Western
XPERT Shot Shells
Popular with clay target shooters and hunters the country over. Available in 12, 16, 20 and 28-gauge.

Western
Inexpensive HANDTRAP
Easy to use. Simple. Light in weight. Throws targets at any angle desired.

Western
WHITE FLYER Targets
Preferred by hundreds of Skeet and trapshooting clubs. Packed in easy-to-carry cartons.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
Dept. 1-54, East Alton, Ill.
Please send, free, your 76-page Western Ammunition Handbook and leaflets giving full particulars of the Winchester Model 37 and Model 24 shotguns.

Name _____
Address _____
Post Office _____ State _____

Copyrighted material

No advertisements for this classification are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.

TRANSPARO Art Corners Clear as Glass
Mount photos, stamps, covers, etc. with complete visibility - removable at will. Order of your dealer - or write Engel Art Corners Mfg. Co. Dept. 14-J 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

--BOLIVIA--
THE BUY THIS MONTH
40 different stamps, mounted and catalogued, from this interesting country, post-free $1.00.
BATCHELDER STAMP CO.
Box 56 Peoria, Illinois

"SENSATIONAL SIX" COMBINATION!
WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO., Dept. 300, CAMDEN, NEW YORK

"HORRORS OF WAR" PACKET!
JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., 227 Wallace Building, Dept. 7, Jamestown, N. Y.

HINGES-TONGS-BIG PACKET
56 different stamps from 56 countries, including TRIANGLE, giant DIAMOND SHAPED stamp, new country of BURMA. Also package of peelable hinges and a pair of STAMP TONGS (add a lot to the fun of collecting). All for only 5c to those applying for our QUICK SERVICE APPROVALS. D. M. Ward, Desk B-2, Gary, Ind.

GREAT "$5 CAT. PRICE FOR 5c" OFFER!
MYSTIC STAMP CO., DEPT. 50-N, CAMDEN, NEW YORK

STAMP COLLECTION **300 DIFFERENT 9¢** Catalog listing over $6.00
ONLY 9¢ TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS
TATHAM STAMP CO — SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

APPROVALS! U. S. ONLY!
UNISTATE STAMP CO.
P. O. BOX 2 ST. PAUL, MINN.

LIBERIA ZOO TRIANGLE! GIVEN!
MONUMENTAL STAMP CO. Arlington-8, Baltimore, Md.

U. S. Invert
HUBER STAMP CO., Dept. 21
1227 Chelton Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE GIVEN!
PILGRIM STAMP CO. W. Arlington-8, Baltimore, Md.

4 TRIANGLES 3 DIAMOND 7 AIR MAIL IN ADDITION A BIG PACKET of SCARCE stamps including BORNEO, LIBERIA, CONGO, INDO-CHINA, DANZIG, MANCHUKUO, EGYPT, LEBANON, SYRIA, SIAM, MOZAMBIQUE, CHINA, AFRICA, many BRITISH COLONIES.
GLENDALE STAMP CO., 602-B Orange, Glendale, Calif.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE 1781 YORKTOWN 1931
L. W. HUDSON & CO., 2310 Tulare St., Fresno, California

Strange Stamps From Strange Lands!
Diamond Airmail, Haiti, British Honduras, Tasmania, British Colonies, Pictorials, etc. Wonderful packet 115 different stamps 5c to approval applicants.
RELIABLE STAMP CO.
Box 120, Dept. 4, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.

U.S. WAR STAMPS U.S. APPROVALS

19th CENTURY U. S.
METROPOLITAN STAMPS, Dept. 8
198 Broadway New York City, N. Y.

UNITED STATES ONLY
ADAM B. BERT Parks Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

GIVEN!
CASH PAID FOR INDIANHEAD CENTS.
TATHAM COIN CO. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

STAMPS

EDITED BY FRANKLIN R. BRUNS JR.

AMERICANS have played important parts in the social, political and economic development of the world, and it is therefore not unusual that credit should be given in several instances by the country benefited. Quite a few outstanding men and women of the United States have taken their places in the philatelic hall of fame, being honored once or more.

Naturally, the stamps of the United States have portrayed its outstanding figures, particularly since the advent of the Presidential postage series, and the thirty-five Famous American stamps. There are many, however, who have the added distinction of having been portrayed on the stamps of another nation.

George Washington, father of our country, our leader in the early days of our history, and our first president, fittingly has been honored on more foreign postage stamps than any one else,

although President Franklin D. Roosevelt is now running a closer and closer second.

Brazil was one of the first countries to pay homage to Washington, the occasion being the Pan-American Congress of 1909. This adhesive bore the portraits of Bonifacio, Bolivar, Hidalgo, O'Higgins, San Martin and Washington, all outstanding patriots in the western hemisphere.

Another country portraying our first president was Ecuador, providing a small insert panel in the top left of the United States Constitution sequicentennial airmails for his likeness. France, too, has paid homage to Washington, placing him along with the Marquis Lafayette on the two values of the 1927 American Legion set.

Washington was portrayed on one of four values in the souvenir sheet released by Guatemala to commemorate our 150th anniversary as a democratic nation in 1937, and Ireland, to commemorate our constitution also released two stamps in 1939, sharing the design with the symbolic Irish harp and the American eagle.

Haiti, likewise, took advantage of the Constitution celebrations to release a single value with Washington and the Haitian coat-of-arms, while Poland observed the 200th anniversary of the birth of this great patriot by issuing a single stamp with his portrait, along with those of Kosciusko and Pulaski. This same country, six years later, placed Washington alongside of Kosciusko and Paine on the United States Constitution and World's Fair stamp. He also has appeared on the stamps of the Philippine Islands, although this cannot exactly be considered a foreign issue.

President Roosevelt has been portrayed several times, notably on the Guatemala Constitution sheet of 1937 along with Washington, and on the Turkey Constitution set of 1939. He has also, more recently, been portrayed along with President Vargas of Brazil on that country's Pan American golden jubilee issue.

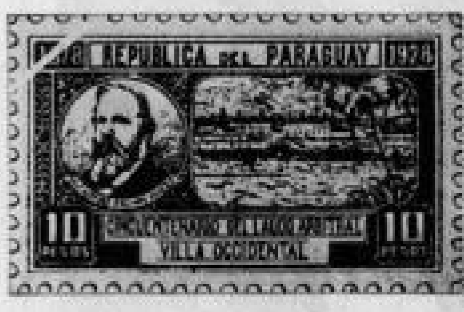
Charles A. Lindbergh, and his plane, have been honored on several occasions. Along with Washington, his plane represented him on the American Legion issue of France, released in 1927. He was also portrayed on the 1P. value of Spain's 1930 Spanish-American Union issue.

Costa Rica overprinted one stamp with his name in 1927, as did Cuba, while Panama released two values, both showing the "Spirit of St. Louis." From this point, on, however, the list begins to spread out, and though there are a good many names, most of the figures appeared once or twice.

Taking our presidents first, because of their station, we find that Abraham Lincoln was honored by two souvenir sheets in 1938. The occasion was a belated recognition of the dedication of a statue of Lincoln on July 4, 1937. Directly below the head is a portion of letter or speech delivered by Lincoln May 7, 1861, which reads, "Although your Dominion is small, your state is nevertheless one of the most honored in all history." Our great Civil War leader also has been pictured on an unrecognized Cuban set, and on a Philippine Island stamp.

Rutherford B. Hayes, our nineteenth president, accomplished his place in this group when Paraguay released a pair of stamps to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Hayes Chaco decision. Also shown was the Villa Occidental, where Hayes stayed.

Next according to term of office, was Grover Cleveland, twenty-second president, who occupied one stamp in the set of four issued by Brazil to note the World's Fair of 1939. This set has not been recognized by the stamp catalogue editors, even though it was



officially authorized by the Brazilian Government. Cleveland was portrayed because of his successful efforts in settling a boundary dispute between Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

William McKinley has been pictured on a Philippine Island adhesive, and Theodore Roosevelt has been portrayed on one of the airmail stamps issued by Panama last year to note the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal. The same set had a value devoted to William Howard Taft, and Woodrow Wilson, our World War president, was on one of the regular postage values.

This same set, leaving the Presidential group, pictured General George W. Goethals, builder of the Canal, and General William Crawford Gorgas, who was responsible for the elimination of disease in the Canal Zone. These two same men have been pictured on stamps of the Canal Zone, but, since this is leased in perpetuity to the United States, it cannot exactly be considered foreign.

Among the other American citizens honored on postage stamps of other nations are Will Rogers, the beloved humorist, who was featured on a set of Mexican stamps; the aviators Boyd and Lyon who flew the Columbia to Haiti, which country released a stamp in 1933, and the U. S. Navy Trepassey flight to the Azores in 1919, noted by Newfoundland (Scott's C8).

Jane Addams, who just recently was the subject of one of our Famous American stamps, had previously been portrayed on the 12½p. value of Turkey's Women's International Alliance Congress set. This same series portrayed Carrie Chapman Catt, one of the foremost workers for woman's suffrage. To complete this group, the third American woman to appear on a foreign stamp was Amelia Earhart, aviatrix. Miss Earhart was honored on her arrival in Mexico City in 1935 after a flight from Newark. She returned on a non-stop flight and carried about forty covers franked with this stamp. Later, while attempting a round-the-world flight, she was lost, and has not been traced.

Three Who Were Nobody

(*Continued from page 37*)

or pulling one amusing story after another out of his prodigious memory.

The squad revised its opinion of Craig Mallinson. One of the pitchers went so far in personal interest, one day, as to ask him whether he were any relation to the Great Mallinson, and, before that particular conversation was over, Craig was sneaking off with him to a place where the school medico wouldn't see him and teaching the pitcher more about in-curves and out-curves than that young man had imagined was to be known. The pitcher, who was an outgoing soul, excitedly spread the news and, one by one, the squad began to cultivate the chore-boy.

For a day, Craig dreamed golden dreams again, when Ted Markham, the captain of the team, went to Dr. Parker and asked him whether Craig Mallinson, after all, might not play. The doctor gave Craig another examination and shook his head. Next year, perhaps, not this. The boy was growing too fast.

Craig had a bad hour. But at the end of it he was grinning. "I guess I'm still wanting to be somebody," he said to himself. "All right! I'll go on being nobody. And like it."

THE team fairly paraded through its early games and trimmed the Freshman nine of a big college in a one-two-three fashion that set one of the sports writers talking about a possible candidate for the eastern interscholastic championship. That item went from hand to hand in the Archway before supper and was the sole topic of conversation at the baseball training-table. At practice next day, the team made the bat sing and set the ball afire. The next game was a hurricane, with the visiting team squashed flat before the game was half over and the runs piling in so fast that the scorekeepers couldn't keep up with them.

But the game after that was a disappointment. The Towers won, but the muffed catches and the wild throws were disturbing. Craig felt his run of chatter drying up, and Mr. McKevry looked concerned. The team worked like slaves for the game with Harriton High School, the second biggest game of the season, but couldn't hit the ball when the time came and won only by

Copyrighted material

a fluke when Harriton's first basemen threw wild and turned a base hit into a home run. And the Towers team was none too courteous to the visitors either, and protested decisions by the umpire, which was not done at the Towers.

Craig watched the game with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. The team would never beat Chancellor's Hall that way. Those fellows could play if they wanted to! And they wanted to, all right. There was no doubt about that. If anything, they wanted to, too much. They were over-anxious.

CRAIG'S meditations stopped in their tracks held up by an idea that made his jaw drop and his eyes gleam. When the game was over he looked around for Mr. McKevry and found him talking to the baseball coach, in gloomy foreboding.

"May I speak to you a minute, sir?"

"Hello, Craig. Why, yes. I guess Mr. Slade and I have done all the wondering about the ways of boys that we need do at this moment."

"That's right," said Mr. Slade. "That's right."

"Mr. McKevry," exclaimed Craig excitedly. "I think I know what's the matter with the team."

"If you do, son, you're wiser than your teachers."

"They're trying to be somebody."

Mr. McKevry drew his brows together so that three lines shot up from the bridge of his nose into his forehead.

"They're just as I was." The boy grinned. "And you said you were, sir."

"Son," said Mr. McKevry thoughtfully. "I think you've said something. Say it again, and say it slow."

"They're — trying — to be — somebody."

"That's it, or I'm a Greek!" exclaimed the athletic director. "Come to my room after supper. We've got something to do, you and I, son, to make 'em see it before the end of next week."

They held a council of war. How were they going to get the idea across to the team that they were trying so hard to be wonderful that they were on the way to being a pain in the neck? A meeting and a pep-talk wouldn't do. Not even a pep-talk in reverse, so to speak. Talking about over-confidence wouldn't do. The boys weren't over-confident anyway. They were over-ambitious which was something entirely different. A scolding would only intensify the strain the boys were under.

"I know what we can do, sir!"

"You have a fertile mind, son. Come out with it."

"My father says that in every town there's a man that over on Cape Cod they call a Portugee lawyer, a man who just has to have some idea to put over, it doesn't matter what. My father is a politician and he says when he wants to get some idea across he sells it to a Portugee lawyer, and the fellow does the rest."

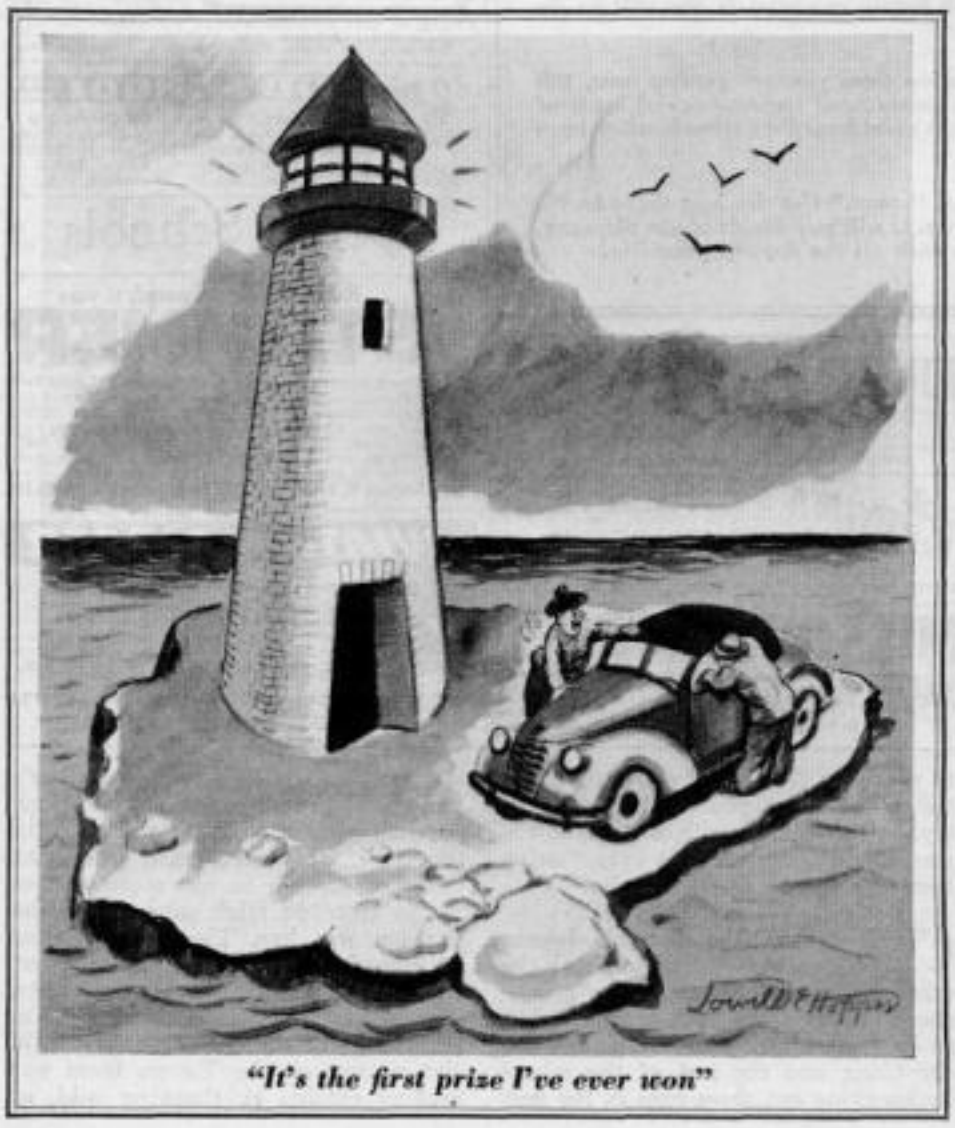
"That sounds ingenious," Mr. McKevry commented with the ends of his lips twitching. "Who's your Portugee lawyer on the team?"

"Jim Saville." Jim was the boy Craig had taught all about in-curves, and out-curves and the wicked ones that start curving in and end curving out. "He's quicker'n the radio in spreading an idea."

Mr. McKevry closed one eye thoughtfully and puckered up his face. "Go to it, boy. I expect to vote for you yet for dog-catcher, or mayor or something."

Craig found Jim on the west lawn after supper. They stretched out on the grass together looking through the boughs of the elms at the soft blue of the May sky. Jim was sunk. He had invited his girl to the Chancellor's Hall game and was facing the dilemma of cancelling the invitation or having her see him knocked out of the box, as he had been by Harriton High.

"I don't know what's got into the team," he said gloomily. "We just rolled along at first, and then some-



"It's the first prize I've ever won"

HE WAS A SINGLE STEP FROM DEATH!

A true experience of H. J. DE VAUENT, *Scout Leader, Toledo, Ohio*

"AFTER A RAGING CYCLONE had made a shambles of our neighborhood, I grabbed my flashlight and started to round up my Boy Scouts for rescue work," writes Mr. De Vauent. "I had never viewed such a scene of desolation.

"TREES WERE UPROOTED, automobiles overturned, and houses blown from their foundations. Inky darkness complicated rescue work because all power lines were torn down by the force of the storm. One of my Scouts started away from the group on an errand.

"INSTINCTIVELY, I THREW the beam of my light ahead of him, and shouted in horror. A step from the lad, like a deadly snake, lay a 5500 volt power line! Your dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries certainly saved a boy from sudden death *that* night!

(Signed) H. J. DeVauent"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

BE PREPARED

WITH OFFICIAL FIRST-AID KIT 75¢
Contains: Wet-Pruf Tape, Gauze Bandage, Handi-Tape, Handi-Pads, Mercurochrome, Burn-A-Lay, Halazone Tablets

BAUER & BLACK
Division of The
KENDALL CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

MAKE $5 to $50 CASH
Get early Christmas Card orders. Box of 21 beautiful cards. Sample on approval. Others. Big profits.
LOREN FREEMAN COMPANY
35 High Street New Haven, Conn.

What a RADIO!
When you build it yourself, what a radio you can have! And that's the fun of it. Get the FREE radio catalog that shows you how, and saves you money in the bargain. 196 pages of nationally advertised parts and sets. Ready soon. Reserve your copy today. Just send a postcard.
LAFAYETTE RADIO Dept. 9A-1 701 W. JACKSON BLVD. • CHICAGO OR 100 SIXTH AVE. • NEW YORK

FREE!

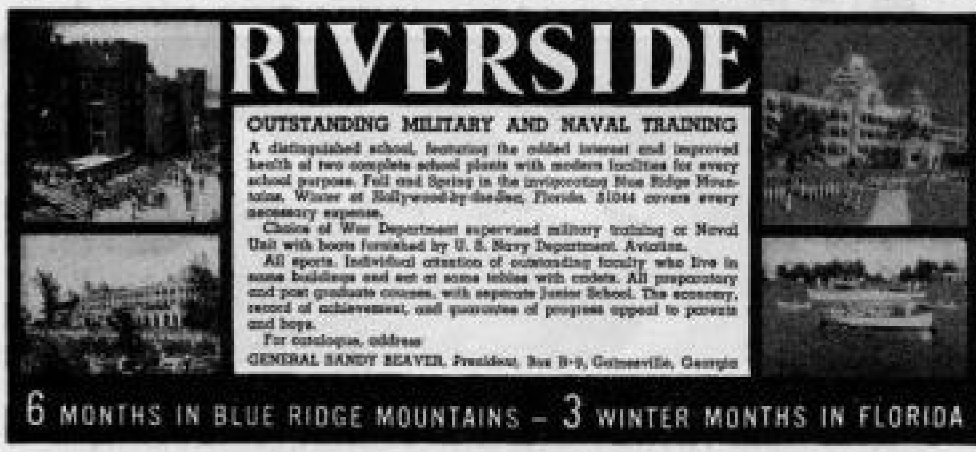
Large full-color picture (17¼" x 24") of new, fast Union Pacific Streamliner. Just write W. S. Basinger, Room 752, Union Pacific R. R., Omaha, Nebraska.

Make EXTRA SPENDING MONEY
Show big value Box 21-Assorted Christmas Cards to friends. Sells for $1. You make 60c. Everybody buys gladly. Many other easy-to-sell Christmas Assortments. Personal Christmas Cards at 50 for $1, also big DeLuxe Personal line. Start earning at once. Write now.
FREE Samples
Sell NEWEST CHRISTMAS CARDS
WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc., Dept. 745
749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Free Fall Catalog
Just Off the Press
Showing Hunting Foot-wear, Clothing and fifty other leather and canvas specialties of our own manufacture for campers and hunters.
L. L. Bean, Inc.
275 Main Street
Freeport, Maine

Advertisers in BOYS' LIFE will gladly furnish information upon request

Copyrighted material



RIVERSIDE

OUTSTANDING MILITARY AND NAVAL TRAINING

A distinguished school, featuring the added interest and improved health of two complete school plants with modern facilities for every school purpose. Fall and Spring in the invigorating Blue Ridge Mountains. Winter at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida. $1044 covers every necessary expense.

Choice of War Department supervised military training or Naval Unit with boats furnished by U. S. Navy Department. Aviation.

All sports. Individual attention of outstanding faculty who live in same buildings and eat at same tables with cadets. All preparatory and post graduate courses, with separate Junior School. The economy, record of achievement, and guarantee of progress appeal to parents and boys.

For catalogue, address

GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, President, Box B-9, Gainesville, Georgia

6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS – 3 WINTER MONTHS IN FLORIDA

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

B-S-*Degree in 2 years*

ENGINEERING

World famous for technical 2-year courses in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Chemical, Radio, Aeronautical Engineering; Business Administration and Accounting. Special Preparatory Department for those who lack required high school work. Short diploma courses (36 weeks) in Surveying, Drafting. Living costs, tuition low. 57th year. Graduates successful. Enter June, September, January, March. *Write for catalog.*

Burton Handy, Pres., 2290 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

KEMPER

MILITARY SCHOOL

Junior College and High School

Oldest boys' school in the West (97th year). Fully accredited. Superior scholastic, military, athletic instruction. Progressive courses. Modern buildings. $200,000 gym. Indoor swimming pool, rifle range. Golf course. Five athletic fields. 96 acres. Reasonable rate. Catalog.

Col. A. M. HITCH, Superintendent

90A Third St. Boonville, Missouri

VALLEY FORGE

MILITARY ACADEMY

AT THE NATION'S SHRINE

COLLEGE preparatory for young gentlemen 12 to 20. Also fully accredited Junior College. Enrollment limited to 400. Highest scholastic standards, special supervision for individual student. Recitation classes limited to twelve. 384 graduates now enrolled in college, West Point, Annapolis. New fire-proof dormitories, academic buildings, library, large recreation building and gym. Modern swimming pool, stables with 60 horses. Motorized Field Artillery Battery. All sports, golf, polo. Cavalry, Infantry, Senior R.O.T.C. Band. Highest government rating.

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS BOX J WAYNE, PA.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

Distinguished for excellent academic, military and athletic training. In beautiful, historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. High altitude. Unexcelled health record. Modern fire-proof buildings. Separate Junior School. Visitors cordially welcomed. Catalogue.

Colonel Emory J. Middour, Supt.

Box F-3, Staunton, Virginia

G. M. C.

ACCREDITED military school in Georgia's most historic location. Best advantages at $492. Distinguished alumni. Junior college, high school, and junior school. Aeronautics. Sports. 62nd yr. Opens Sept. 4. Catalog.

Commandant, Box D,

Milledgeville, Ga.

Admiral Farragut Academy

Graduates in 60 colleges. Fully accredited. Special classes preparing for U. S. Government Academies and Merchant Marine. All sports. Band. Moderate rate. No extras. Separate Junior School. Rear Admiral S. S. Robison, U. S. N. (Ret.), Supt. Catalog.

Box B, Toms River, New Jersey.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Broad, fully accredited training prepares cadets for any college. Ages 11-19. Progressive attitude. Environment of friendly cooperation. Large playing fields. Sports for all. Horsemanship. Gym, pool. Lower School. 62nd year. *Catalog.* Col. R. L. Jackson, Pres., Box B-3, Alton, Ill.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A school with a winter home in Florida

Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private Military School in America. For fully illustrated catalog, address:

Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres., Box L, Lyndon, Ky.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

College Preparatory. Accredited. Business and General courses. Able teachers. Boys taught how to study. Near Trenton. All sports. Junior school. Founded 1885. Summer Session. Catalog. Registrar, Box 669, Bordentown, N. J.

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE

EDUCATES THE WHOLE BOY

Develops self-reliance, initiative, poise. 8th grade, college preparatory. Post-graduate work. 150 graduates in 113 colleges. *Catalog.* 920 Pershing Ter., Culver, Ind.

PEDDIE

Specializes in preparing boys for college. 354 graduates in last five years have entered such colleges as Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard. 150 acres. 16 modern buildings. Junior school. All sports for all. School golf course. Summer session. 76th year. Write for catalog.

Wilbour E. Saunders, Headmaster, Box 9-L, Hightstown, N. J.

★TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

TMI

One of America's better schools. Attracts better boys. Provides better courses. Induces better effort, gets better results. 65th year. Excellent buildings, beautiful campus. All sports. Grades 8-12; post-grad. Business Administration. Catalog.

Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt. Box 212, Sweetwater, Tenn.

THE BOLLES SCHOOL

On St. Johns River

Accredited—prepares for college or Government Academies. 5th to 12th grades. Splendidly equipped fireproof dormitory. New gymnasium. Military and Naval training. For catalog address: Col. Roger L. Painter, Pres., Jacksonville, Fla.

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Splendid equipment. Honor School. Individual House Plan. Separate Junior School. Moderate rates. For Catalog, address:

Major W. L. Brewster, President, College Park, Georgia.

ROCK OR WOOD?

By Uncle Pete

WITH a new term of school approaching, some Scouts are waiting for opening day with considerable eagerness. Others "don't like school" and say that they don't care if the teacher never comes back!

Some Scouts have been earning money at odd jobs during the summer. They may have found work that they like and are eager to continue it. I know a man well up in the advertising world who was pressed by a newspaper publisher to continue work instead of returning to his junior year in high school. He had done good work for the paper during a temporary job and the boss wanted to keep him. The boy wanted to go to college, so he thanked the boss and went back to his studies.

If he had continued working he might have been in the small town yet, doing what he could with his limited educational preparation.

This boy chose to lay for his foundation the same sort of basis that your father did if he ever built a house for his family. Scouts know that stone is harder than wood, and lasts longer. That's the reason it is used for the foundation of a house. Wood would rot and permit the house to sag. Stone keeps it true and steady.

Much the same with a life. A good preparation means a better life than a poor preparation. If lack of family resources stands in the way of a good education, any college president can name you scores of boys who have earned their education. The prime essential is the will to do your part!

If you feel the need of better education than you are getting now, tell your parents, talk over the matter with them. Send for catalogs of some of the schools listed on this page to see what good boarding schools offer boys of high school age.

Build your educational foundation of "stone." Get the best there is. No one can take an education away from you. It will pay dividends in pleasure, in opportunity of help to others and in cash all the days of your life.

Harrisburg ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

Fine campus borders Susquehanna River. Boys 8 yrs. up. Junior College Bus. Admin. Graduates in 60 colleges. Excellent equipment. Modern gym. 75-ft. pool. Experienced faculty. Small classes.

FRANK C. BALDWIN Box 126, Harrisburg, Pa.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY

A widely recognized, moderately priced preparatory school. Entered 84 boys in 22 colleges last year. Personal attention to the needs of each boy. Varied athletic program. Modern equipment. Junior department.

E. M. Hartman, Pd.D., Box 40, Lancaster, Pa.

★ Carson Long Institute ★

Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Character building supreme. Rates $550.00. Catalog. Box 42, New Bloomfield, Pa.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Program for personal development of every boy. Prepares for better colleges. Teaches boys how to study, develops leadership. Near Chicago's cultural advantages. All sports, including riding. 67th year. Lower and junior schools. Catalog.

Col. H. D. Abells, Box 890, Morgan Park, Ill.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the Heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 48th Year. College Preparatory and separate Junior School. Rates very moderate. For catalog, address: Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 1340, Millersburg, Ky.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY AND JUNIOR SCHOOL

MMA

52nd year. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Individualized instruction in small classes teaches boy to best efforts for maximum rise to STUDY. Balanced Scholastic, Athletic, Military Program. Excellent faculty and equipment. Aviation. Catalog.

Col. C. R. Stribling, 990 Main Street, Mexico, Missouri

ADMIRAL BILLARD ACADEMY ★

Prepare for college or a naval career at this fully accredited school. Graduates enter colleges, Coast Guard Academy, Annapolis, Merchant Marine. Naval uniforms, drills. Sailing. Summer naval camp. Cadets from 18 states. Catalog.

Registrar, 9 Academy Dr., New London, Conn.

★ ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

INSPIRING military discipline helps your son develop confidence, leadership. Balanced program of conference study, recreation. Accredited. All sports. 55th year. Catalog.

590 DeKoven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

Randolph-Macon ACADEMY MILITARY ACCREDITED 48TH YEAR

At northern entrance to Skyline Drive. Prepares for college through intensive study methods. Fireproof buildings. Supervised athletics. For catalog and "Visit" folder, address:

Col. John C. Boggs, Principal, Box L, Front Royal, Va.

GREENBRIER

MILITARY SCHOOL. 129th Year. Accredited Lower School, High School, 1st Year College. Fireproof buildings. All sports. Summer Camp. For Catalog and "Evidence" (Success Record), address:

MAJOR D. T. MOORE, Registrar, Box L, Lewisburg, W. Va.

WORCESTER ACADEMY

A nationally-known, accredited preparatory school for boys. One hundred and six years in the service of youth. Fall term opens September 17. For catalogue address

THE SENIOR MASTER,

81 Providence Street, Worcester, Mass.

COLUMBIA Military Academy

17 buildings, 9 built by U. S. Government. Fully accredited. Special Department preparing for Gov't Academies. R.O.T.C. Post-Graduate and Junior schools. Athletics, including gym, swimming, golf, horsemanship. 50 piece band. For catalog, address: Dept. L, Columbia, Tenn.

TODD SCHOOL

Boys' 4-Year High School and Grades 1 to 8. Accredited to all. Hour from Chicago. Shop. Music. Radio-broadcasting. Dramatics. Riding. Swimming. Other sports. Camp. Oldest in West. Catalog: Box D6, Woodstock, ILL.

Special Schools

Regain Perfect Speech if you

STAMMER

Every stammerer should have the new 287 page book "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction." Sent free to stammerers. It describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 38 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Write for full information. No obligation.

Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 1038, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

AVIATION CAREER

Offers you a great future! Complete Aeronautical Engineering or Master Aviation Mechanics training in the heart of the Aircraft industry. Graduates obtaining immediate employment. No flying involved. Aviation's foremost school; established in 1929. Located on Grand Central Air Terminal. Address Dept. M-9

CURTISS-WRIGHT TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

GLENDALE (LOS ANGELES) CALIFORNIA

thing happened. I don't know what."

Craig picked a blade of grass and blew a raucous note on its edge. "I've been thinking," he said meditatively, "that it all started when that sports writer talked about our getting the championship. In a way, the team is like I was last fall. I wanted to be somebody, and—" He told the story, without apologies.

Jim was impressed. "That's funny about you and Mr. McKevry," he said.

"It wasn't so funny when it was happening," Craig pointed out. "Not to me, and I don't think to Mr. McKevry."

"Would you mind," said Jim hesitantly, "would you mind if I told one or two of the fellows what you've told me?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Craig innocently.

"Do you think Mr. McKevry would mind?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't."

Jim jumped to his feet. "I've got to move on. Thanks ever so much for telling me what you did. We've been trying," he added with a puzzled expression in his frank blue eyes, "we've been trying—to be somebody—"

CRAIG, near the batter's bench, kept one eye on the job and the other on Mr. McKevry in the grandstand. Chancellor's Hall was the first to bat, and shook the foundations under Craig and the rest of the school by knocking out three runs in the first inning. Jim Saville in the pitcher's box was red as raw meat, but he struck out one man in the first and three in the third. He wasn't losing his nerve, Craig noted, and he was steadier than in the Harriton High game, when the pressure was less. The Towers failed to score in the first four innings but Chancellor's Hall did not score either, even with bases full. The record was still 3 to 0 at the opening of the fifth. But no one on the Towers team was muffing catches or throwing wild, or

Show your interest in this page by writing to the advertiser today

Copyrighted material

taking a chance on a grandstand play.

Craig had caught echoes of his talk with Jim Saville and gathered that Jim had not rested until he had passed along to the last member of the squad this haunting idea that the team had been reaching for glory for themselves instead of being content to do a good job for the Towers. No one spoke to Craig about the matter but it seemed to him that they treated him with a kind of personal interest which they had not shown him before.

"Batter up!"

It was the first half of the seventh inning. Jim Saville wound himself into a knot and came forth with a ball which the umpire labelled "Strike one!" Two more like it followed, and the first man was out. The second batted a fly which dropped into the hands of the right-fielder and rested there, snug and warm. The catcher put out the third man on a straight-up foul ball.

This was baseball, Craig told himself exultantly. Not brilliant baseball, not sensational baseball; but, oh, how it clicked! And what followed was better than that. The Towers at the bat. A base hit, a two-bagger, a run. *Score:* 3 to 1. A long hummer just over the short-stop's head. A three-bagger and another run. *Score:* 3 to 2. A base hit. Four balls and a walk. A two-bagger from Ted Markham's bat and three runs. *Score:* 5 to 3, with the Towers in the lead!

Oh, to be out there! To feel the bat in his hand, to see the ball leaping at him, in the flash of a split second to study it, appraise it, gets its number, and whack! For a moment he felt as though life on the side-lines wasn't life at all, and then the team was spreading out over the diamond and Jim Saville was sending his hummers over the plate again, hummers, some of them, that he, Craig Mallinson, had taught him.

AND suddenly something inside Craig told him that he was not out of the game after all, that something of him was in Jim Saville, pitching the game of his life, in the fielders, catching and holding those flies with beautiful precision, in the batters, cracking out those hits. Something of him was winning a game for the Towers where something else in him, something ugly, had lost a game six months before.

He rushed back and forth with the pail and the dipper. Once he caught Mr. McKevry's eye and thought it was afire. All life now was nothing but the crack of a bat on a ball, the cheering school, the crisp voice of the umpire, "Safe!"

Craig chanted the score: 7 to 3, 8 to 3, 9 to 3. . . . Chancellor's Hall was crumbling, Chancellor's Hall was licked. . . .

Crack!

Chancellor's Hall was at bat. A long, low drive between center-field and right field. A two-bagger! Wow! But it wouldn't do 'em any good now. Not in the ninth inning with the score 9 to 3 against them.

Crack!

Straight over first base, just inside the foul line. Another two-bagger, and a run!

Crack! A base hit. Crack! A foul ball, neatly caught by the short-stop. Crack! Another base hit, and another run.

Well, Craig told himself doggedly, it was all good exercise for the Chancellor's Hall team, but it wouldn't do 'em any good. Not in the ninth inning.

Crack! A two-bagger! Two more runs. Score: 9 to 7.

Craig felt suddenly chilly, in spite of the June heat. What had happened to Jim Saville that Chancellor's Hall should be knocking him to Kingdom Come?

A base on balls. Jim was getting rattled. A bunt, right into Jim's hands. A muffed catch, a wild throw. Another run. Score 9 to 8.

Craig wiped the cold perspiration from his face.

A base on balls. Another. Three men on bases and only one out.

Craig saw Mr. Slade, the coach, in consultation with Mr. McKevry. Would they be taking Jim out of the game? That would be tough on Jim, with his girl in the grand-stand. And Pete Morgan, the second-string, would be as rattled as Jim at the start.

Suddenly, he was aware that Jim was leaning over him, reaching for the dipper. "I don't know what's the matter," he cried in a fierce whisper. "I thought I was knocking 'em cold." He stared at Craig over the edge of the dipper. "Somebody!" he muttered. "I guess I forgot."

"You're going to hold 'em!" whispered Craig.

"Nobody—"

Jim pitched a slow ball which Craig had taught him, a deceptive imp of a ball that took nerve to pitch, for if it weren't just right, it was the kind a batter could send over the back fence.

"Strike."

Craig took a deep breath. Jim had himself in hand again. Anxiously, he wondered what he'd try next.

"Strike!"

A straight, hard ball, with a wrinkle in the end of it.

"Strike!"

Wild cheers went up from the Towers grand-stand. Two out. Score: 9 to 8. But three men still on bases.

"Batter up!"

The end was ridiculously unexpected after the dramatic tension. A pop-fly, dropping comfortably into the catcher's mit.

Pandemonium! The boys swept past Craig as they rushed out on the field to lift the nine to their shoulders. Craig emptied the water-pail, picked up one or two stray balls and started for the locker-room.

He wasn't envious of the cheers for the team; they deserved them.

A hand dropped lightly on his shoulder and he found himself looking into the eyes of the athletic coach. "Well, son," Mr. McKevry was saying, "something happened between the Harriton High game and this."

Craig was beaming. "I think something did, sir."

"And something happened to Jim Saville after his bad flurry in the ninth. Do you know what it was?"

"I think, sir, that he saw all at once that he'd been trying to be somebody again."

"I heard Ted McLean, the sports writer for the *Record*, saying he was certain now that Towers would get the Eastern championship."

The two walked in silence for a minute. "It's funny, isn't it, sir?" mused Craig. "You only begin to be somebody when you're willing to be nobody."

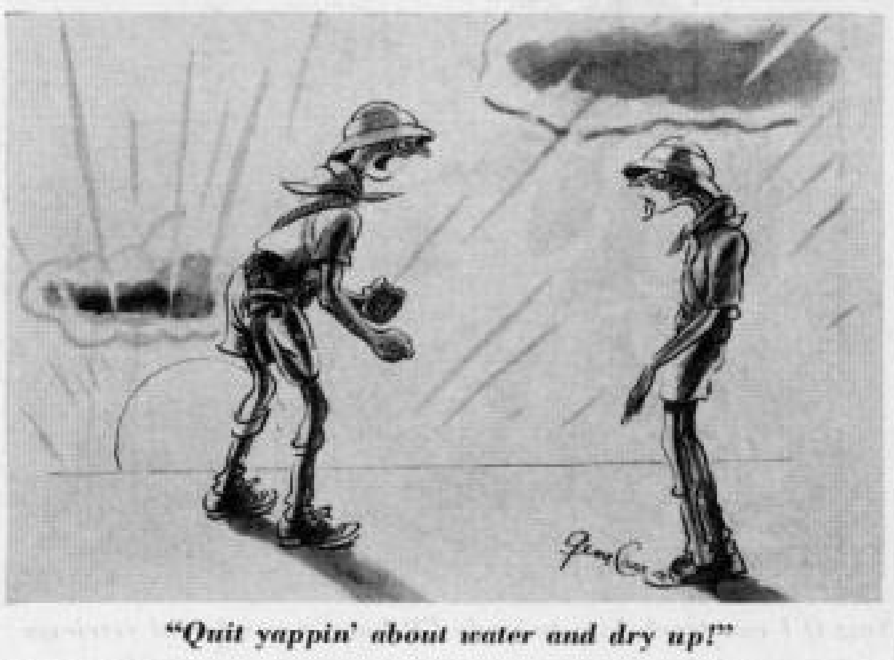
Mr. McKevry squeezed the boy's shoulder. "You're on," he said.

Movies of the Month

(*Concluded from page 20*)

READERS of *Arabian Nights* will give hearty welcome to the THIEF OF BAGDAD, produced in color by United Artists. Others who love fabulous adventure stories will be equally pleased. For ancient Bagdad was of a time when people believed in enchantment; believed that the power of a magician prevailed over the hidden forces of nature. Had they not seen Young Abu, the thief, suddenly changed into something amazingly different—which you will see right before your eyes? Others prominently and variously involved in the spectacular action are Ahmad, King of Bagdad; an aged Sultan; a lovely Princess; Jaffar, the Grand Vizier. Young Abu is played by Sabu, the Indian boy who so well enacted the chief character in *Elephant Boy*. The plot is typically oriental: full of "dark secrets" and romance; surprise and suspense; terror and disaster; and finally, the happy ending when good prevails over evil, and everything you wish turns out all right.

IN I MARRIED ADVENTURE (Columbia) Osa Johnson in most dramatic manner tells her extraordinary adventures with Martin Johnson. All of the movies formerly featuring these famous exploits have contributed to make this last one the best of all. For here are incorporated the "high spots" of the others, making it a portrayal of wild life such as likely never before exhibited at one time. The climax is simply tremendous. For the first time in movie form a mass migration is presented of African animals (about all of them it seems) in a desperate quest for water. This surpassing sight is truly wonderful and deserves the highest praise as does the whole picture, so inspiringly informative. Everybody who sees it will be glad and grateful that Osa Johnson "married adventure."



"Quit yappin' about water and dry up!"

...yet it has standard 84-character keyboard, back-spacer, capitals and small letters! It's a real typewriter, this Corona Zephyr . . . and only $29.75.

If you type a lot and need special features, then look at the Speedline Coronas too... just "tops" in portables. Free folder shows them all . . . mail the coupon today.

CORONA Zephyr

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 9, 729 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N.Y.
I am interested in buying a Corona. Send me free illustrated booklet.
Name
Address
City State

SAFE!
NEW DISCOVERY

For WORMING Your Puppy or Dog Without Danger of TOXIC POISONING!
Thanks to the NEW Glover's *Imperial* Capsules, the danger of toxic poisoning and violent after-effects from worming your pet is at last removed. This was never before possible in a worm medicine! They not only safely expel Round Worms (Ascarids) and Hook Worms, but also Whip Worms—all THREE! Think of the ECONOMY—only 25¢!
FREE DOG BOOK—Write Glover's, Dept. 8, 460-4th Ave., New York.
ONLY 25¢ GLOVER'S *Imperial* CAPSULES

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLES WITH HAND PUMP
MADE IN U. S. A.

HARD ACCURATE SHOOTING WITH CHAMBERED AIR
You can use ... BENJAMIN AIR RIFLES WITH LEVER HAND PUMP anywhere, for practice firing or just plinking. ... Shooting force is adjustable with amazing maximum power and accuracy ... Bolt Action-Hammer Fire-Hair Trigger-Safety Lock-Hand Pump. ... BENJAMIN GENUINE COMPRESSED AIR PISTOLS ... Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 842 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

RADIO AND PARTS CATALOG
New 1941 Catalog—just out! Saves Money on Everything in Radio! You'll want it, 212 pages—65 new sets, all types; more than 15,000 Radio items; tubes; Builders' kits; Amateur Equipment; Sound Systems; Phonographs; Recorders; Testers; Books, Tools, etc. SEND TODAY FOR FREE COPY!
ALLIED RADIO CORP.
Dept. 12-J-1, 833 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.
FREE FOR EVERYTHING IN RADIO

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO $200 IN CASH BEFORE XMAS
Use and sell new Pine Tree Christmas Cards. No experience needed. Full or spare time. Great new line and very low prices. Exquisite Box Assortments, Personal Cards, Gift Wrappings, etc. ... write Pine Tree Greetings, Dept. ..., Harrisburg, Pa.
Get Samples on Approval

BOYS' LIFE recommends its advertisers

Copyrighted material

Table of Contents

SEPTEMBER, 1940

Guaranteed Circulation—300,000

FICTION

FLYING COURAGE
Blaine and Dupont Miller 3

THREE WHO WERE NOBODY
Hermann Hagedorn 6

SWORDS OVER THE ANDES
(part 3 of 4) Frederic Arnold Kummer 8

SPECIAL ARTICLES

STATEMENT AND PLEDGE 11

EATS Dan Beard 17

HOME, HOME IN THE WAVES
C. Ward Crampton, M. D. 22

PHOTO FEATURES

THE SCOUT WORLD
Edited by James E. West 12

NEW IN THE NEWS 16

SCOOT ALONG ON A SCOOTERBOARD 19

MOVIES OF THE MONTH
Edited by Franklin K. Mathiews 20

REGULAR FEATURES

A CALL TO ALL AMERICANS
James E. West 10

HIKING WITH GREEN BAR BILL 18

THINK AND GRIN
Edited by Frank Rigney 28

STAMPS
Edited by Franklin R. Bruns 38

Cover Photograph by Paul Parker

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

When a change is made in your address be sure to advise BOYS' LIFE immediately, giving both the old and new address. Prompt service will be insured by attaching the address label from a recent issue to the change of address.

RENEWALS—If your magazine comes with a renewal order blank enclosed it means your subscription has expired. Tear off the address on the renewal wrapper and send it with $1.50, the price of a renewal subscription to BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York, as you will not have to miss a copy. Postage is prepaid to all parts of the United States and Possessions, and also Mexico and Cuba. Canadian tax and postage 35c, foreign postage 75c a year. When writing about your subscription, please always mention the order number which appears on the wrapper, and the date your subscription expires. This will help us to serve you promptly. Friends of the Boy Scouts of America will confer a favor by reporting to the Business Manager any reliable dealer not selling BOYS' LIFE.

ADVERTISING POLICY

Advertisements, to be accepted for Scout Publications, must, in addition to meeting the standards in general use by publishers of high grade periodicals and other advertising media:

(1) Justify the belief that the advertiser will actually receive a fair business return on his investment and that the advertisement will not merely be an indirect expression of interest in or serve as a contribution to the cause of Scouting.

(2) Deal with a service or product which it is believed will render some service to the readers of the publication or purposes of the Boy Scouts of America.

(3) Avoid involving the use of boys as Scouts, or in the uniform of Scouts, as salesmen of products or services; further, that in all cases the product or service must have merit warranting the purchase price, and the product shall not involve capitalizing the Scout Movement, or encourage the boy appealing for response because of sympathy or the belief that Scouting will be helped, rather than because the article or service is desired on its merits.

Printed in Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

RED blood, physical fitness, fun and adventure. On the water, in the water, under the water. There's a world waiting for you. Swimming, diving, boating, canoeing, life saving.

Learn the great "know how." Learn the "angles" and be well-informed. Be physically fit. Study up this fall and winter and be "best ready" for the next season and all seasons to come.

Anything you want to know, write in for it. If I can't tell you, Captain Mills can and for any reader of BOYS' LIFE, more than willing.

Home in the Waves

(Concluded from page 22)

Men's bodies will vary similarly in specific gravity. Some are a little lighter than water and will float without effort and some are a little heavier and will not quite float. There is a great variety of specific gravity among human beings. Some are lean and hard and weigh more inch for inch than others who are big and fat. Water has a specific gravity of 1.000. Fat is lighter than water (specific gravity: 0.092). It floats. Muscle is heavier than water (specific gravity: 1.085). It sinks. Bone is the heaviest of all (specific gravity: 2.01). A chest full of air increases your bulk so you displace more water and float better. Some will float with an "empty" chest, others only when it is half or entirely full. So your specific gravity varies.

Swimmers collect a layer of fat under the skin to help buoy them up and this also acts as a protection against the cold, like an overcoat worn under the skin.

Some extraordinary athletes, however, are quite different. Henry Armstrong, the world's champion fighter in three weight classes, weighed almost exactly as much as a recent opponent whom he soon licked, but his opponent was far more bulky. His chest and trunk and thigh measurements exceeded Armstrong's by an inch or more and his arms and calves were over a half inch larger, yet these two men stood about the same height and weighed about the same.

The first thing you ought to do is to find out about your own buoyancy, your own specific gravity—do you float or do you not float? Are you a little lighter than water or a little heavier than water when you are totally submerged? Note that: *totally submerged.* You proceed as follows:—

Walk out into the water up to your shoulders. Take a half breath, then,—but there is so much to this and my space runs out. Study the pictures. They are taken from our Boy Scout publications, the SWIMMING Merit Badge Pamphlet, 34 pages packed full of information, costing 20¢ and, second, the book, SWIMMING, WATER SPORTS AND SAFETY, costing 60¢, 408 pages full of illustrations and descriptive angles on water sports, canoeing, rowing, life saving, racing strokes, diving,—everything from the most reliable and advanced sources. Both of these are written by our Captain Fred C. Mills, whom we are proud to say is one of the foremost and oft quoted aquatic experts of America.

As usual, we Scouts have the best.

Eats

(Concluded from page 17)

that it makes me wonder if it was not a fricasseed rattlesnake that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. There was a certain Lieutenant Smith who seemed to think so. He said he would rather eat rattlesnake than quail. It seems that in the Badlands of Arizona, the young West Pointer and his troop were short of rations, and lived sumptuously on rattlesnakes. During the War of the States, when the Thirtieth Missouri Regiment, Union Volunteers, were in Texas, they ate every rattlesnake they saw.

As for "SNAPS AND SNAILS AND PUPPY DOGS' TAILS"—ginger snaps are mighty good, but though I have eaten lots of snails, I draw the line when it comes to feeding on dogs. Both dogs and horses are good food; but they are friends of mine. Those who have eaten dog meat say it is very good. My secretary tells me that one man she knew used to eat cats. In the wilderness we only find wild cats, and the great naturalist, J. Hart Merriam, told me that wild cats, Canadian lynx, and puma or panther are appetizing meats fit for a king.

I have eaten so-called spiral-eared mice and chipmunks, but Dr. Morris says that field mice make a much daintier dish than either. Muskrats, 'coons, 'possums, beaver, and squirrels are all well-known food animals.

TO COOK YOUR 'POSSUM, first singe the hair off, then dress it and bake it as you would a young pig. If you can get them, it should be served with persimmons and sweet potatoes. Don't eat too much; it is very rich. Both Ernest Thompson Seton and I found that out at our first 'possum feast at my house.

For barbequed meat, use a sauce made of stewed sassafras leaves or sassafras roots, vinegar, and any ketchup that you are lucky enough to have in your mess kit. Lacking the civilized ingredients, use sourgrass in place of the vinegar, and lacking the sassafras, use mint. Baste your meat with this sauce; it is better than any Delmonico ever invented.

So that a Scout's practical education may be complete, I furnish herewith butchers' plans and specifications, so to speak, of a beef animal, Fig. 4, and a pork animal, Fig. 5. Fig. 6 shows the soul-satisfying beaver tail. On the diagrams you will find Indian names for all these animals.

We believe in preparedness; our motto is "Be Prepared", and we stand by our motto. But we Scouts are not 'fraidy cats. "Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishmun" only frightens the Calamity Janes who should go out and hunt for something stiff they can use for backbones.

In closing, may I say to our Scouts that each year that slips by increases my admiration for the Boy Scouts of America. To a marked degree, you possess the four big M's—muscle, mind, morals, and manhood. You have the grit and spunk of the pioneer. You possess the sublime patriotism of Nathan Hale. I am convinced that you are messengers from the spiritual world to the men of the material world. Your heroism and devotion to the Scout Oath and Law thrills the most barren souls amongst us. We stand hat in hand, sensing that we are in the presence of duly-appointed ambassadors from Him Who fed the Children of Israel with manna.

Despite foreign propaganda, I believe YOU are going to lead the world back to a faith in God and democracy.

Now if I can teach him to wade I'll have a wonderful retriever

Hiking with Green Bar Bill

(Concluded from page 18)

A Job in Four Words

HERE again, it comes right back to the point we talked about in the beginning: Planning ahead!

Plan ahead! Carry through!

There's the Patrol Leader's job in four simple words!

Your Scoutmaster is ready to assist you. So am I—if you'll let me sit down with you each month as you read what I tell you.

And if you need extra help to make the meetings of the fall exciting drop me a line, % Boys' Life, 2 Park Avenue, New York City, with a three cent stamp and request—"Successful Patrol Meetings." That will bring you the ideas you need.

And so, let's close again with a *thought of the month:*

"A fellow bound for success is one who does as much today as he plans to do tomorrow."

Yours till the barn swallows.

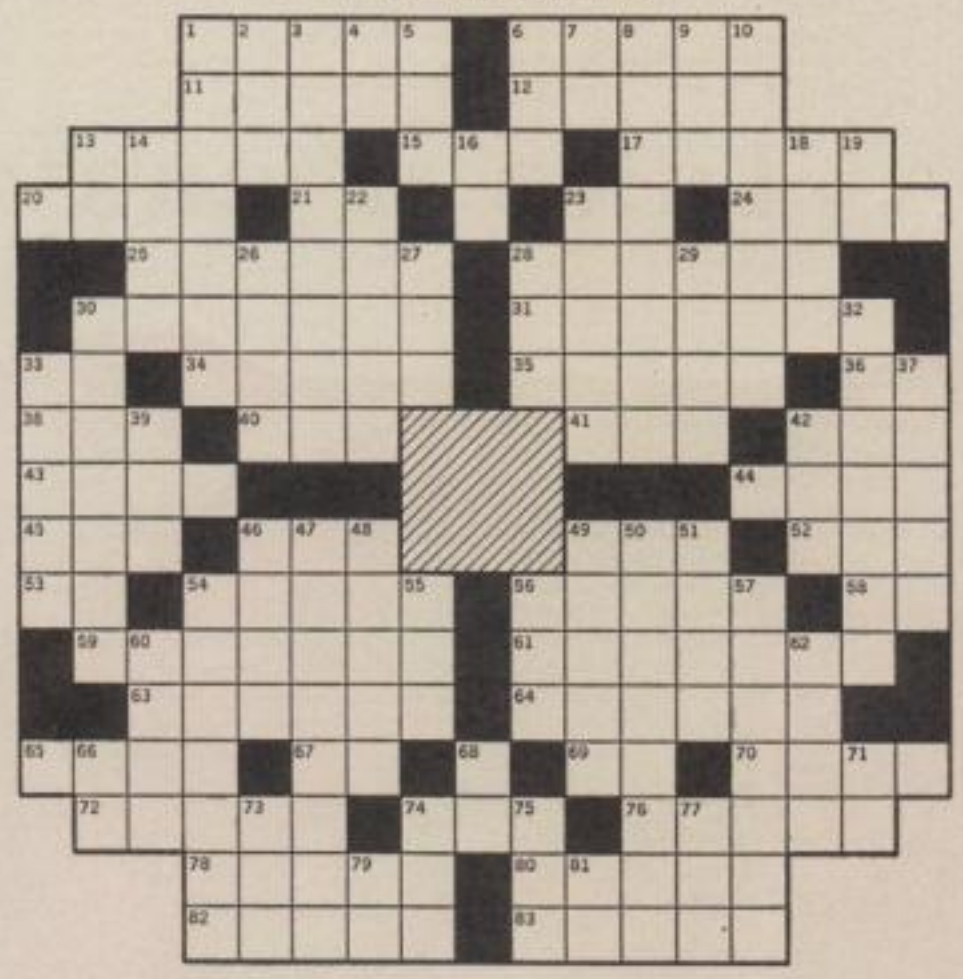
September

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CURTIS PRESS, INC.

Copyrighted Material

A Scouting Crossword Puzzle

BY EUGENE SHEFFER



EXPLANATION NOTE: Whenever two numbers appear together in the list of horizontal or vertical clues, it means that the definition applies to two words in the puzzle. For example, in the list of Horizontal clues, "59. & V. 42." means that the first missing word in the definition has to be inserted in Horizontal 59., and the second missing word in Vertical 42. Also note that the abbreviation "MB" use in certain of the definitions refers to "Merit Badge Subject."

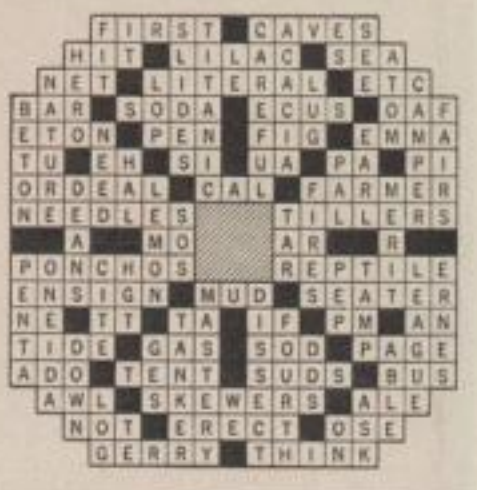
HORIZONTAL

1. & 11. Camping and Safety are MB requirements for the - - - - - - - - - -
6. & V. 46. The Panama - - - - - - - - - is represented among Scouts at the World's Fair
11. SEE HORIZONTAL 1.
12. SEE HORIZONTAL 61.
13. Jabs
15. Dexterity or skill
17. Ten feet is a good jump in the pole - - - - -
20. The Golden Gate Expedition is in - - - - formia
21. Horsepower (abbr.)
23. Note of the scale
24. Good hikers don't have to stick to the - - - -
25. Run through with a sharp instrument
28. SEE VERTICAL 75.
30. & V. 39. The - - - - - - - - of a teepee, - - - angular in shape, faces the East
31. A good 'knotter' doesn't get his ropes - - - - - - -
33. Bricks are ba - - d clay.
34. Teakettle (dialectic)
35. Grove in Greece where the first Olympic games were held
36. Maiden beloved by Zeus
38. SEE HORIZONTAL 54.
40. Superlative suffix
41. Eventually
42. Initials of the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner"
43. SEE VERTICAL 75.
44. Polynesian cloth
45. Japanese sash
46. What an Englishman calls - - . . (Morse)
49. Kind of tide
52. Peak
53. "- - Prepared"
54. & 38. - - - - - in a play are the parts that you - - -
55. Swift Malay boats with outriggers
58. Higher note of the scale than H. 23.
59. & V. 42. The - - - - - - - - steak has the least amount of - - -
61. & 12. An Indian - - - - - - - was built at the "Scout - - - - -" in Madison Square Garden, New York City
63. It doesn't pay to be "fresh" or smart - - - - - -
64. & V. 10. Eagle Scouts do not - - - - - - win their - - - - - - - -
65. - - - - the flag at sunset
67. Initials of the secretary of a Scout Troop
69. Street (abbr.)
70. Colored layer of the iris of the eye
72. Carpenter's grasping tool (slng.)
74. Scout meal cooked over a buried fire
76. Go in
78. A member of an Eagle Patrol - - - - - the yell of "Kreeee"
80. River in France
82. Coin of Equador
83. Assumes an attitude

VERTICAL

1. Inhabitants of the Arctic
2. Service point in tennis
3. Active, short-winged hawks
4. Excess of the solar year over - - nar months is called epact
5. Greek letter
6. A camper stows his suitcase under his - - -
7. Initials of an "unbroken-line" Patrol game
8. Sea Scouts learn to - - - - - - - - - a ship
9. Ancient wine vessel
10. SEE HORIZONTAL 64.
13. The "Keystone" state (abbr.)
14. Hodgepodge
16. International language
18. Knowledge: as, Indian - - - -
19. Symbol for tantalum
22. Portion of cloth, folded over
23. Resolute and brave
26. Girl's nickname
27. A Scout needs a keen - - - in tracking
28. SEE VERTICAL 74.
29. Firmness in the face of danger
30. Unit used in Acoustics
32. Get rid of
33. Pierce small pieces of meat with a sharp branch; then, go on and cook a - - - - - !
37. Giraffe-like African animal
39. SEE HORIZONTAL 30.
42. SEE HORIZONTAL 59.
46. SEE HORIZONTAL 6.
47. "Diagram - - - - - - - - wiring system of an automobile" (MB)
48. Writing tables
49. Assam silkworms
50. Prepa up, as courage
51. Dutch East Indian island, east of Java
54. Scout - - - - - - - are big group get-togethers
55. Where a pig is penned
56. . - - . . - - - . . . . . (Morse)
57 "The Scout - - - - - - - any Scout Official whether he is in uniform or not"
60. Member of British nobility
62. Ancient shackle
66. Above
68. Before noon
71. Syllable of hesitation
73. & H. 43. The - - - is an ostrich-like - - - - of Australia
74. & 28. Scouts prom - - - to fulfill the Scout Law of the -. -. -. (initials)
75. & H. 28. In the World Series, the "- - -" at third base calls a "three- - - - - - -"
77. Point of the compass
79. Initials of the Rough Rider's leader
81. Youth's pledge of ancient Athens (abbr.)

ANSWER to LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



THE DAY'S GOOD NEWS—
BALL-BAND SPORT SHOES

TRADE MARK

RED BALL PLAYFIELD

STEP OUT IN STYLE
OR RUN A MILE

YOU'LL ALWAYS LEAD
THEY'RE BUILT FOR SPEED

YOU'LL WEAR THEM LONG
THEY'RE BUILT SO STRONG

MOM THINKS THEY'RE KEEN
JUST WASH TO CLEAN

SPEED UP YOUR PLAY
THE RED BALL WAY

BALL BAND

Ask your dealer to show you the Ball-Band sport shoes with the famous Red Ball on the sole. Try them on and see for yourself how smart they look—how fine they feel.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO., 491 WATER ST., MISHAWAKA, IND.

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL ON THE SOLE

Copyrighted material

"Relax . . . take it easy"

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you . . . always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

COPYRIGHT 1941, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

An easy way to take things easy is to take an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola . . . raise it to your lips . . . and enjoy *the pause that refreshes.* It's a refreshing short-cut to relaxation. And it's easy to do . . . anywhere. Enjoy an ice-cold Coca-Cola, now.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

Copyrighted material